THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

A SERIOUS incident has occurred which threatens to destroy the protracted labours of the Royal Commission upon the Licensing Question. After sitting for three years the Commission has now arrived at a point when it has almost reached the conclusion of the preparation of its report. On Wednesday, however, its proceedings were thrown into a state of chaos by the retirement of Lord Peel, its chairman, from the deliberations of the Commission. Lord Peel is a man of strong will and firm manners. It is quite possible that he may have been inclined to exercise an authority over the Commission similar to that which he wielded as Speaker of the House of Commons, and that friction has arisen in consequence between him and some of the members. But we do not believe that this is the real cause of his retirement and of the consequent breakdown of the Commission. It is rather to be attributed to the fact that the chairman, who is a man of singular independence of character, and of a most courageous honesty, has gone further than the representatives of the liquor trade wished in the reforms he has asked the Commission to recommend. Lord Peel was appointed as an independent judge. He was certainly no "faddist." He had no leaning towards the Permissive Bill; but he has been convinced by the evidence to which he has listened of the urgent need of a sweeping reform in the drink traffic. His conversion has aroused against him the bitter hostility of "the trade" and its nominees on the Commission, and it is to this fact that we may probably trace the opposition to the adoption of his report and his consequent withdrawal. Cowardice on the part of the Government has once more led to a public disaster.

THE County Council elections throughout Ireland have resulted in an utter Unionist rout, save in the extreme North-East of Ulster. The landlord class, hitherto supreme in local administration, is now practically ostracised—as a class, for it may be said that in those few cases where a landlord has shown himself public-spirited, and has won local popularity, he has been returned in spite of Nationalist opposition. But over seven-eighths of Ireland Nationalists of various shades are supreme. Of course, there are variations; there are Labour members, in whom, however, the Fabian Society had better not rest their hopes; there are Dillonites and Parnellites. But these differences fade beside the Home Rule plébiscite which is constituted by the results. Yet the most bitter Tory cannot fairly describe the new members as mere politicians or agitators. On the contrary, they seem to be chiefly substantial wholesale merchants, shopkeepers, farmers—men "with a stake in the country," precisely the kind of men we should wish to see elected in a democratically governed State, and could wish to see present in our own County Councils in much greater force. Still, looking at the elections as a Home Rule manifestation, brought on by a Unionist Government, we cannot but think that they point to the revival of the "separate treatment of Ulster" which was an item of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

PARLIAMENT reassembled on Monday after the Easter recess, but the proceedings were not of absorbing interest. There was a desultory debate in Committee of Supply, chiefly on East African topics, and unsatisfactory both in itself and in what it revealed. Uganda seems to be progressing slowly, and the abolition of slavery in Zanzibar more slowly still, though Sir Arthur Hardinge and Mr. Brodrick—especially the former—think that it is going on as fast as the slaves desire, and that the economics of the place would be dislocated if the process were hastened. Incidentally, Mr. Brodrick intimated that the Foreign Office does not greatly care whether East Africa is reached by the Suez Canal or by the much longer way round the Cape—which may be a shock to perfervid Imperialists. Mr. Webster advocated an Imperial cable service, and subsequently some criticisms were passed on the management of the Royal Palaces and Parks. The Government Water Bill went through Committee.

ON Tuesday a remarkable—perhaps even an epoch-making—debate took place on the crisis in the Church. Mr. Gedge's resolution, deploring the lawlessness manifested by a section of the clergy, and urging that Crown patronage should no longer be exercised in favour of such clergy as disobey the ecclesiastical Courts, was deprecated by Mr. Balfour and withdrawn by the mover in favour of Mr. Hoare's amendment, substituting the Bishops and the Prayer Book for the ecclesiastical tribunals. Then it was remembered that the Prayer Book was susceptible of various interpretations, and therefore—in spite of the efforts of both Mr. Balfour and of a number of High Churchmen—the requirement of obedience to the law as declared by the ecclesiastical Courts was added by

200 votes to 14. Mr. Balfour made a very remarkable speech early in the debate, declaring that abstract resolutions of the House were not binding on Ministers, and were only made binding by a vote of censure; but he strongly condemned the disloyalty to the Church exhibited by the advanced members of the English Church Union, declaring that they were the great obstacle to a much needed increase of autonomy in the Church, and deprecating attention to mere ritual when questions were at stake involving the existence of Christianity itself. His reference to the autonomy of the Scottish Establishment was, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman pointed out, hardly appropriate, partly because that Church is not a Church of compromise, and partly because a section of it had to secure autonomy by disruption. And it is quite clear from the debate both that the laity will insist on taking a considerable share of the autonomy and that their doing so will be viewed with the utmost repugnance by the extremists. At present, however, the latter have notice from the House of Commons that they must submit to the law or abandon hope of Crown preferment. It is not the kind of alternative which seems likely to make for peace. Possibly, however, the new ecclesiastical jurisdiction—to judge from the proceedings in the Convocation of York on Wednesday—may provide the sacerdotalists with a means of compromise.

On Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons discussed, and disposed of, the Fire Brigades Bill, in support of which a strong whip had been signed by members on both sides of the House. The Bill provided for the voluntary inspection and "authorisation" of fire brigades throughout England by inspectors of the Local Government Board, and would have enabled the county councils to put pressure on negligent local authorities in the matter of fire-prevention. However, Mr. Chaplin thought the Bill unworkable, and it was withdrawn pending inquiry by a Select Committee. After this, the House discussed an Evicted Tenants Bill, which was substantially that which was introduced under the last Liberal Ministry and rejected by the House of Lords. It was, of course, rejected (by 167 votes to 69). The most notable feature of the debate was the expression of his feelings at the result of the county council elections in Ireland, which was elicited from the Chief Secretary.

The Budget, which was disclosed to Parliament on Thursday evening, proves to be bad and—if we may use the expression—tricky. The revenue of the country is indeed increasing, so that the Estimates are exceeded by £747,000. But there are signs that the growth of our prosperity is somewhat slackening, while the expenditure shows no tendency to diminish, but the reverse. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having had to dissipate the surpluses left him by his predecessors not merely in increased war expenditure, for which there is some excuse, but in futile grants-in-aid to landlords and to the maintenance of inefficient schools, for which there is none, takes two millions out of the Sinking Fund—which is bad business, whatever sophistries may be used to justify it—and makes up the rest with taxes, which are not in themselves economically objectionable, but are rather petty and niggling. Vigorous protests were made after the statement by Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Courtney, and—not least—Sir William Harcourt, the last-named intimating that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Budget was not his own work, but forced upon him by his colleagues. That is probable; and the only consolation we can find is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been so far true to his colours as to have resisted all temptation to open the way to Protectionism.

The grievous loss to the Liberal party caused by the death of Mr. Ellis has been, so far as is possible, repaired by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Gladstone to the office of Chief Whip. Mr. Gladstone had already risen in the official hierarchy to a higher post than that of Patronage Secretary, and he might, consequently, have refused to undertake the laborious duties of Whip. But he has, happily, yielded to the appeal of the leaders of his party, and has entered upon a task which between now and the dissolution of Parliament is by far the most important that can fall to the lot of any Liberal politician. He ought to make an ideal Chief Whip, both his personal and his hereditary qualifications being those which are naturally looked for in the holder of that office. A word of warm gratitude to the present Whips. Mr. McArthur was undoubtedly entitled to succeed Mr. Ellis if he had desired to do so; and though his own business engagements might have prevented his undertaking so laborious a post, it cannot have been without reluctance that he put aside his own natural ambition in order that the party might secure as its principal organiser a man who bears the name of Gladstone. He may be assured that his services to the Liberal cause will not be forgotten any more than will be those rendered during seven difficult years by Mr. Causton and Mr. Munro Ferguson.

The remains of Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P., were laid to rest on Tuesday in the little graveyard of Cefnddwysarn, near Bala, amid a demonstration of mourning which might well have deserved the title of national but for the participation of a multitude of political friends from England who had learnt to feel a sincere admiration for the young statesman and to entertain high hopes of his future career. Few men, below the highest rank in public life, have been so mourned, and very few indeed have evoked so general and genuine a display of affection and regret at their death.

The centenary of the Church Missionary Society, which we notice on a later page at greater length, has reminded the secular public both of the variety and usefulness, temporal as well as spiritual, of the manifold activities of this great organisation and of the fund of enthusiasm ready to be devoted to its support—if the opportunity offers, even by martyrdom. The Evangelical party takes so little part in public life, relatively speaking, that publicists are rather apt to overlook this enthusiasm. Yet many school children and girls could give points to most members of Parliament in their knowledge of the politics of Uganda, and the condition of the masses in India and China. At any call the supply of mission volunteers for dangerous work exceeds the demand; and the danger Mr. Balfour alluded to on Tuesday—of forgetting the essentials of religion in disputes about ritual—disappears instantly when we pass from parochial politics to the "fresh air" of missionary work.

ABROAD.

Lord Charles Beresford's speech at Bradford makes it more than ever necessary for the Government to define their position in China. He sticks to the "open door" as the only hope of preserving peace among the Powers who are scrambling for Chinese trade. We entirely agree with him that "spheres of influence" are very dangerous—especially when one sphere is cut into by the financiers of a rival country. But how the open-door theory is consistent with our support of the Italian action contemplated at Sanmun Bay, Lord Charles Beresford fails to explain.

The depositions before the Court of Cassation in the Dreyfus case, of which the publication has

been steadily continued in the *Figaro*, tend to show more conclusively than ever that the court-martial was a mere mockery, and that the unfortunate victim was sacrificed by a vile conspiracy exploiting a spirit of panic. It has been made clear that Dreyfus was condemned on the *bordereau* and on one—and only one—secret document, which is now proved to refer to someone else; that the *bordereau* might very well have been written, and probably was written, by someone else than an officer of artillery; and that Esterhazy was notoriously a common spy, who would, as the English military attaché said of him, sell any information to any foreign agent for a very trifling sum. M. Casimir-Périer has let the world see why he resigned; Generals Zurlinden and Chanoine have explained the reasons of their belief in the guilt of Dreyfus, though the former has intimated that he is still able to change his mind; and General Gallifet, by one of the curious reverses of fortune which are so frequent in history, has rehabilitated himself by his evidence in the estimation of the French democracy, and wiped out the memory of his savage vengeance on the Commune twenty-eight years ago.

THROUGHOUT France preparations are being made to throw over the arch-agents in the scandal—even in the Army itself. The commander of the Thirteenth Army Corps has publicly declared that "the Army waits in silence for the solution of the problem by the Court of Cassation, which will be greeted with joy by all patriotic hearts"; the President of the Conseil-Général of the Department of the Pyrenées-Orientales says that "all good citizens will bow before the decision, and their troubled consciences will be definitively appeased"; and similar expressions have been used at other Conseils-Généraux which have been in session this week. We wish we could attach a similar significance to M. Dupuy's intimation to his constituents that the result of the inquiry can concern only individuals, and that they will be eliminated; while attacks on the Army as a whole will be severely repressed. But it may only mean, though probably this depends on the strength of public feeling, that a few individuals will be made scapegoats for the rest. In any case, public feeling now is a striking contrast to its state a year ago. It is notable also that M. Loubet's election to the Presidency has been referred to at several of the Conseils-Généraux in the most cordial terms. Now, to the extremer Anti-Revisionists M. Loubet was and is an object of hatred and contempt. France, in brief, is settling down, and M. Dupuy is adapting himself to the situation. He has put forward a moderate, unsensational social programme—including, however, old-age pensions—and proposes to depend on a majority composed of Republicans alone.

THE news from Samoa has produced an outburst of Chauvinism in America and an answering outburst in Germany. This would matter little but for the fact that the negotiations relative to the instructions to the Commission of Inquiry were not progressing smoothly before the report of the massacre of English and American troops which reached London on Wednesday. The Commission is appointed, and is to sail from San Francisco next Tuesday week; and, if it were not hampered, we should entertain great hopes of its success. The American member, Mr. Tripp, has had diplomatic experience in Vienna. The German representative-elect, Herr von Sternburg, has probably learnt in the freer air of Washington something more of elasticity than is vouchsafed to his countrymen at home. The English representative, Mr. C. N. E. Eliot, we believe to be both strong and conciliatory; certainly he is one of the most versatile of men. The most distinguished scholar and philologist of the years of his undergraduate life in Oxford, he has travelled in India, has learnt his diplomacy at St. Petersburg and at Constantinople, and has conducted official inquiries on behalf of the British Government into the alleged misdeeds of the Turks in Thessaly. Of his versatility it need only be said that, having used his leisure at St. Petersburg to study Finnish, he has written the standard grammar of that language. A man who has learnt so much, apparently without effort, can be trusted to grasp the situation in Samoa rapidly, and to deal with the persons concerned with the minimum of friction. And it would be a strong point in favour of the success of the Commission that its German and English members have become acquainted at Washington. But the line taken by the German Foreign Office spoils these hopes.

LORD CROMER'S Annual Report on Egypt and the Soudan may well give pause to the kind of Imperialist for whom the extension of the empire means new markets for British goods. The Soudan will be more cultivated by-and-by; and when some sort of judicial institutions are established prospectors will be admitted to judge for themselves; but for the present the land is desolate, irrigation is a necessary condition of cultivation, and population, once numerous, is now exceedingly sparse. Lord Cromer is rather adverse to the direct Suakim-Berber Railway, and prefers reaching the Red Sea by way of Gedarif and Kassala, wherein strategic motives are detected by the *Temps*—rather unfairly, inasmuch as the first necessity of the line is avowedly to tap the granary of the Soudan. But the British trader may take comfort from another part of the Report, which must also please the political economist. Lord Cromer gives no encouragement to that kind of economic development by protection to infant industries which has been the bane of the United States and British colonies. Egypt will soon have abundant water-power, and if she cannot run cotton mills with it, apart from factitious aid, she had better not run them at all. A not less satisfactory feature of the Report is the announcement of an attempt to encourage local investors to acquire a stake in the industries of the country as well as in the land. On the fiscal reforms and the advance of education—and the appreciation of it—it is hardly necessary to dwell, or on the progress in the storage of Nile water. We can feel, at any rate, that we are doing our duty in Egypt.

THE reports of the closing and burning of the mission orphanages in Armenia by order of the Turkish Government are happily exaggerated, though the truth is quite bad enough. From a statement just circulated by the "Friends of Armenia" Society, embodying part of a letter from their treasurer at Constantinople, it appears that the Turkish Governor of the province of Diarbekir closed their orphan homes at Palu and Choonkoosh (in the Harpoot district) in February, as also a German home. These homes contained respectively 30, 60, and 140 children. The children collected by the Germans at Diarbekir were also scattered, but the Society's children there are unmolested, except that they are not allowed to have books. Hopes have been held out (through the British Ambassador) that the homes may be reopened, and meanwhile the children are boarded out in Armenian families. The danger is, however, that the funds for their support may fail, and there is a multitude of other children for whom the Society cannot provide. An earnest appeal is made for funds. The Society's office is at 47, Victoria Street, S.W., and Mr. Hector Munro Ferguson is its honorary treasurer.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

LITERATURE.

THE Shakespeare, Johnson, and Milton Anthologies, which are the firstfruits of the series undertaken by Professor Arber, will be published early in May by Mr. Henry Frowde. As we explained some weeks ago, each volume bears the name of a poet who is taken as typifying his period, and contains specimens both of his own work and that of his contemporaries, including some who have remained anonymous. The series, when complete, will contain about 2,500 entire poems and songs, written by 300 poets. The volumes will be handsome but inexpensive.—"First Steps in International Law," by Sir Sherston Baker, Bart., is on the point of being published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.—Messrs. Jarrold & Sons publish to-day a novel by John Mickie, author of 'Sinners Twain" and other works. It is called "The Prodigal's Brother," and turns on an adventure—hitherto unrecorded, but exciting—in the Riel rebellion. The author had many experiences, as pioneer, frontiersman, and police trooper, of Manitoba when it was still "The Red River Settlement," and the local colour is likely to be vivid and truthful.—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Pickwickian Studies," which have testified in *The New Century Review* to the undying popularity of their subject, are to be republished in volume form by the New Century Press, Limited. So are the articles from the same periodical on "The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Mr. Cuming Walters. These aim at proving that the persons addressed by the poet are allegorical, and that the Sonnets are a portrayal and vindication of Shakespeare's career.

OBITUARY.

SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS, K.C.I.E., had been for nearly forty years Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. Coming of an Anglo-Indian stock, he was a product of Haileybury in the days when it educated the kind of civil servant for whom old Anglo-Indians had nothing but praise, and was afterwards a professor at the college. He was elected to his professorship at Oxford against Professor Max Müller in the days when—as a fly-sheet issued at another professorial election in Oxford put it—it was "generally understood that intellectual activity on the Continent takes only two forms—Latitudinarianism or Romanism"; but he did excellent service to Sanskrit scholarship by his great Sanskrit-English dictionary and other works, and to the relations of India with England, if not to the architectural beauty of Oxford, by his foundation of the Indian Institute.—The Hon. James Service, ex-Premier of Victoria, had been for forty years a conspicuous figure in Australian political life. He had been one of the founders of the admirable land transfer system of his colony; had been an earnest Free Trader and Imperial Federationist; and was the chief agent in the earlier movement towards colonial Federation, which took shape in the Federal Council of Australia.—Mr. Stephen J. Field, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had had a somewhat diversified career in early life. Brought up in Asia Minor, where his sister, the wife of a missionary, had taken him, he had been an alcalde in California when the United States acquired it from Mexico, and had taken a large share in the work of framing its judicial system. He had been appointed to the Supreme Court by President Lincoln in 1863, and retired in 1897.—M. Lascar Catargi, Conservative leader and ex-Premier of Roumania, had been especially conspicuous in the revolution which ended in the union of the two principalities under the present dynasty, and in the political struggles preceding the Russo-Turkish War.—Professor Almaric Rumsey, of King's College, London, had written valuable works on Indian law.—Mr. Thomas Sievers was a well-known Berkshire antiquary and palæontologist.

A BAD BUDGET.

THE Budget which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach laid before the House of Commons on Thursday night is, without exception, the worst in our recent financial history. During the administration of Lord Beaconsfield between 1874 and 1880 the Tory Ministers did much to disturb the firm fabric of Gladstonian finance. They wasted money in useless wars and alarmist armaments, and they began, in the interests of the landowners, the unsound practice of grants in aid of local taxation. During the five years of Liberal government between 1880 and 1885 foreign difficulties prevented any return to the conditions of 1873, but at least things did not get any worse. Mr. Goschen was able, owing to the state of the money market, to effect one valuable reform in the conversion of the debt, but he developed still further the system of grants-in-aid and, departing from the sound rule of more strenuous days, began to spread expenditure for the Navy or for other purposes over a series of years. Sir William Harcourt more than restored the financial equilibrium by the new death duties, and left a huge surplus to his successors. Everything has favoured the present Chancellor, but, in spite of the growth of the revenue during a period of unexampled prosperity, he has managed, with the help of his colleagues, to dissipate his surpluses, and now, in the closing year of the century, he finds himself reduced to the miserable expedient of encroaching on the sinking fund. During the past year the aggregate expenditure provided for by the State was £121,000,000. During the coming year there will be an estimated increase of £6,000,000; and as it has now become the custom to provide by supplementary estimate for some necessary and recurring charges, the total expenditure will probably approach £129,000,000. Of this about £12,000,000 will go in relief of local taxation and £48,000,000 for the ordinary Army and Navy charges, without counting some three or four millions more to be provided for naval and military works out of other sources than the current revenue. Thus the expenditure on Army and Navy and grants-in-aid comes to more than the total revenue of the State a quarter of a century ago. This is the price which the country must pay for allowing Tory Governments to remain in office for seventeen out of those twenty-five years.

The national accounts have become so complicated that it is very difficult to say how much of the 128 or 129 millions will actually be raised by taxation, and how. Probably the average man, who does not care for accounts, will only note that some £900,000 is to be raised by new taxes, half direct and half indirect, and will count himself lucky that the amount is so small. We see no great objection to the increased stamp duties on new company issues. Five shillings per cent. on a capital of £100,000 is only £250, and promoters who spend from £1,000 to £2,000 on advertising can afford to make that modest contribution to the revenue, while in the case of private companies the payment is not excessive for the privilege of limited liability. The extra duty on allotment letters would, on the Lipton issue, have come to over £1,500; but there are no other companies with 70,000 shareholders. We believe there are few other countries where the duty on companies is not greater than in England, and the increased duty will not check any sound promotion. Nor can we find fault with the increase of duty on wines. Our French neighbours have by their heavy protective duties forfeited all claim to the specially favoured rates at which wines of low alcoholic strength have been admitted since the Cobden treaty,

and threepence a bottle is not an excessive duty on claret when we compare it with one shilling and ninepence on whisky, which contains, if it be up to proof, only about four times as much alcohol as is permitted in light wines. The wine duty will fall mainly on the upper and middle classes, who are primarily responsible for the present Government. We congratulate Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on his refusal to reimpose the sixpence on tobacco. It was not to be expected that a reduction of duty on an article sold after manufacture, and containing such variable proportions of the raw material, would immediately cause a proportionate reduction of price and consequent increase of consumption, but now that the lower rate of duty may be regarded as practically permanent, all tobacconists will be forced to reduce the price as the more enterprising have already done.

Having said so much, we have said all the good that can be said of the Budget. The tampering with the Sinking Fund we regard as absolutely indefensible. The basis on which it was defended—that the Sinking Fund now operates more rapidly than was intended—is radically false. To begin with, the reduction of the debt is really much less than the £7,700,000 a year which remains out of the £25,000,000 voted for the debt, after paying interest and management. During the past year large sums were reborrowed on shorter terms for the Uganda railway and other purposes, and the actual reduction of indebtedness was only about £3,300,000, or much less than Sir Stafford Northcote contemplated as the immediate annual reduction by means of the sinking fund. The same thing would in any case have happened during the coming year. But it is ridiculous to suppose that, because Sir Stafford's plan gave an immediate reduction of only £5,000,000, no greater reduction was intended. The whole basis of the sinking fund is that the interest will decrease and the repayment of debt increase annually and automatically. The principle is enforced in the case of every local authority, though there the expenditure is largely reproductive, and it should apply equally to the State, which is endeavouring to get rid of the old war burden before the start which exceptional international conditions gave to British industry has been lost. In proportion to the amount of our expenditure the annual net charge for interest and principal (even apart from vicious reborrowings) is less than it ever was before. When Sir Stafford Northcote established the sinking fund the debt charge amounted to over one-third of the revenue; it will now be less than one-fifth. Allowing for reborrowings and the changes proposed by this year's Budget, we doubt whether the interest on the debt added to the net reduction of the debt will next year be as much as one-sixth of the sum collected from the taxpayers. We shall deal in greater detail on another occasion with the specific means for postponing repayment which the Treasury officials have devised. For the present it is enough to point out the broad general effect. Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Fowler did well to protest vigorously, and at the earliest possible moment, against this lapse from the straight path of financial rectitude in a time of general prosperity. Doubtless the Tory wire-pullers have advised the Government that the voters care little about sinking funds and much about beer, but Tadpole and Taper sometimes underestimate the intelligence of the people. Among the large body of careful and thrifty people, who in the old Whig days were the supporters of peace, retrenchment and reform, there are many who were driven into voting for Conservatives, owing to alarms which they must now know to have been groundless, and they have an opportunity of realising that the real danger of the moment is heedless and extravagant expenditure met or evaded by a juggling of accounts.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

IF the ideas so extensively given expression to by Mr. Davitt, when he writes on what he stigmatises as the "Toleration Humbug," were those which dominated the minds of the Nationalist majority in the county council elections last week, these elections would not be so hopeful a symptom of Ireland as we believe them to be. Mr. Davitt, we think, does injustice to the spirit and intelligence of his own countrymen. To our own view the results of the elections, when rightly considered, enhance the impression produced by the remarkable order and good feeling with which they were conducted. People have been writing as if the overwhelming return of Nationalists were a surprise. The surprise ought to be, in all the circumstances of the case, that so many Unionists (to use a convenient rather than an exact description) have been elected—elected, that is to say, by Nationalist votes. It was a foregone conclusion (except in the minds of persons who will never understand Ireland) that these elections would furnish a new evidence of the fact that in all but the north-east corner of Ulster the majority of the Irish people want some form of national as well as county Home Rule.

This fact tells us nothing we were not told by the General Election of 1885 or by that of 1893, except perhaps that behind the disrupted leaders there is a people sincere and unclouded in its political faith. What was not so certain was that the Irish democracy in their first triumphant moment of responsible power would have had poise and self-control enough to show some forbearance to the minority they were displacing. They were urged by trusted leaders—amongst them prominently Mr. Davitt and Mr. William O'Brien—to show no such forbearance. They certainly wished in these elections, and rightly wished, to prove with a final emphasis their unalterable attachment to their national ideals. They were told that they could not make that demonstration without putting in force an ostracism *à outrance* against the Landlord and the Unionist. Yet in spite of that advice they have not practised such an ostracism. The people, in fact, have shown in this matter a better feeling, greater balance, and a sounder political judgment than those who undertook to guide them.

The return of forty-one landlords and Unionists by Nationalist votes in Nationalist counties is a fact, we think, which has not yet been appreciated at its true significance. These gentlemen were elected in the teeth of the advice of which we have referred, and not merely of advice, but of urgent direct opposition; and they were elected by people who were as loyal to Home Rule as those who led them, but who did not agree with their leaders that they were doing any injury to their cause by admitting to a place in county affairs neighbours of a different political opinion whose character they respected and whose experience they valued. If we consider the force of such advice from trusted leaders, and realise what even the modicum of resistance to it means, we shall begin to do justice to the true temper of the people. Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Davitt, with other members of Parliament, carried on a regular campaign for more than a month before the elections preaching the policy of ostracism. Meetings were held in the divisions contested by such men as the O'Conor Don, Lord Dunraven, Lord Monteagle, Lord Castlerosse; and the people were told that they would be "voting to kill Home Rule" if they voted

for such candidates. Every weapon of ridicule and invective at the command of exceptionally able speakers was employed to enforce this argument. Nevertheless the candidates we have named were elected, and more than a score besides; and though the Conservative hero of the Charleville stoning incident was not returned, neither was the candidate whom Mr. Davitt went to that town to support. These facts at least show that the disposition of the Irish people in these elections has not been quite so intolerant and narrow as Mr. Davitt represents it, and that, moreover, Mr. Davitt is hardly to be accepted as an infallible authority on this point. If we look below the surface of the election returns this impression deepens. We have closely followed the Irish Provincial Press, and we have noticed that the grand juror candidates, even where they received very few popular votes, were treated with unfailing courtesy and good humour; and it is plain that more of them would have been elected—for this tendency has other sources besides the natural disposition of the people—but that the people's own judgment warned them not to risk a misconstruction of their political sentiments through undue generosity on this occasion.

We are at pains to point this out, because it all constitutes, we think, a magnificent vindication of the political capacity of the Irish people, and because it seems to us Mr. Davitt, and those who write like him, are—no doubt without realising it—simply libelling and obscuring the fame of the fine people they represent. If the spirit of the Irish democracy were such as these gentlemen would have us believe, the recent elections might to the mind of the unconvinced furnish an argument against Home Rule. As it is, they greatly fortify that claim; and if the actual work of the county councils be carried out in the spirit which we conceive to have characterised the elections, there will exist in a short time no reason even in the minds of Conservatives, whether in Ireland or in England, for refusing any demand for further powers of self-government which the Irish people may deliberately bring forward.

Having said this much, let us add that we of course concede a moral justification for even the extreme policy of exclusion which Mr. Davitt advocates. When the Irish ascendency party whose day is not over held power themselves, they held it, like all oligarchies, jealously and arrogantly. Even to-day in Ulster they hold a desperate grip on such power as is left them. On the principle of the *lex talionis* the Irish democracy would be justified in driving the members of this class from power wherever they could, and rejoicing over their downfall. But as the Irish democracy have manifestly understood themselves this is not a case of a mediæval victory with its *vae victis*, or of a vengeful peasant uprising, it is a case of the reconstruction of a modern nation. We write as practical men, and do not argue that Irish democracy should refrain from enjoying to the full the rights which are now conferred upon them for the first time. But we signalise with satisfaction the perception they have shown in a trying crisis of the political truth that the building up of a nation cannot be advanced by a policy of implacable hostility between the classes who ought to compose it.

THE PROTESTANT TRIUMPH.

THE debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening suffered a certain loss of interest from the absence of Sir William Harcourt. It is unfortunate that the Protestant cause should fall into the hands of a man like Mr. Sydney Gedge, who makes no impression and carries no weight. Mr. Samuel Smith, on the other hand, though a Nonconformist, commands the respect of Churchmen by his earnestness, reverence, and sincerity. But although the Protestant champion, like Achilles, stayed at home, the discussion, and still more the division, were full of interest and significance. Two main lessons may be drawn from it. One is, that the people of England are Protestant to the backbone. The other is, that there can be no alternative to Erastianism save Disestablishment. Mr. Balfour talks in his superficial way about a few eccentric individuals who call themselves Erastians. What in the name of wonder does he mean? The whole essence of the Establishment is and must be Erastian. The Archbishop of Canterbury and every Bishop on the Bench is appointed by the Crown. The Prime Minister, who nominates them, and is responsible for their selection, need not be a Churchman nor a member of any religious body whatsoever. They all "do homage for the temporalities" to the Sovereign, and any Chapter who refused to elect the nominee of the Government would incur penalties of indefinite extent. If a Bishop prosecutes a clergyman for preaching false doctrine, the Court which finally determines the question is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the modern substitute for the Court of Delegates established by the true Father of the Establishment, Henry VIII. The rights of lay patrons are enforced by law, and an advowson, which means the perpetual right of presentation to a spiritual office, may be sold as part of an estate. Hobbes himself could not have evolved from his fertile brain a more perfect specimen of pure Erastianism than the Church of England by law established.

Mr. Balfour dimly perceives that this system, which he and his friends zealously maintain against the sacrilegious assaults of the Liberation Society, is not favourable to religion, nor even to a decent respect for sacred things. He hinted on Tuesday that he preferred the larger freedom of the Church of Scotland, which has autonomy, or in plain English, Home Rule. But as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reminded him, it was with a great sum that the Church of Scotland obtained her freedom. It was the martyrs of the Covenant that made Prelacy impossible. It is to the noble disinterestedness of Dr. Chalmers and his followers that the Kirk, which was unworthy of them, owes her spiritual liberty. They resigned their manses and stipends at the great disruption of 1843. More than thirty years afterwards a Conservative Government abolished private patronage in Scotland. Does Mr. Balfour suppose that Parliament will ever give the Church of England Home Rule except by severing her connection with the State? If so, he must be a sanguine man. Dr. Chalmers and most of his friends were in their graves before their object was achieved. Yet the Church of Scotland has been since the Union, if not before, a far more democratic institution than the Church of England. No office-bearer of the Scottish Church is appointed by the Crown except the Lord High Commissioner, and he is a layman. The ecclesiastical patronage of the Secretary for Scotland, though not small, is exclusively academical. The General Assembly chooses its own Moderator, and, though opened by the Queen's representative, is entirely independent of the State. There are no Bishops, and the whole constitution of the Church is popular. If all the beneficed clergy in the English Church Union gave up their preferments on account of Tuesday night's vote, the Government might be

compelled to propose some measure of reform. For the House of Commons has declared by an overwhelming majority that no clergyman should receive any office or benefice from the Crown who does not acknowledge the authority of the ecclesiastical Courts, including the Judicial Committee. This is a formal condemnation of the English Church Union, and of all who exalt the "law of the Church" above the law of the land.

Mr. Balfour made one of his worst mistakes when he went out of his way to depreciate the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Ecclesiastical appeals are a very small part of the business transacted by that august tribunal. Its jurisdiction includes India and all the British colonies. For the Leader of the House of Commons to say that he "cannot share the admiration expressed" for the first Court of the Empire is mischievous and unstatesmanlike in the highest degree. But Mr. Balfour seems to have lost whatever qualifications for leadership he may ever have had. His exhibition of incompetence on Tuesday was pitiful. His principal speech was clever enough, in spite of two grave defects. He talked about the law of the Church, which is nonsense, and he called upon the House of Commons to vindicate the authority of the Bishops instead of the authority of the law. The law of the Church is simply that part of the common or statute law which deals with ecclesiastical affairs. The House of Commons has nothing to do with a clergyman's obedience to his Bishop. That is canonical, and not legal. It is binding only in the court of conscience, and does not concern the lay public at all. The right of the laity, whom the House of Commons represents, is to the observance of legal, and only legal, ceremonies in the National Church. But with whatever ingenuity Mr. Balfour may argue in support of any proposition, he has not the courage to stand by it for half an hour at the risk of defeat. He proved conclusively to his own satisfaction that Mr. Bartley's amendment, which contained the explicit reference to the ecclesiastical Courts, was not required. When Sir Edward Clarke, who gravely described himself as a High Churchman, protested that it was, this stalwart leader of a united party turned round, and said that, of course, everyone was in favour of enforcing the law. The cowardice of this Government is almost incredible. Only those who watch it from day to day can really believe in it. The English Church Union, with its fifteen hundred recruits a month, does not seem to have a single friend in the House of Commons. Lord Hugh Cecil repudiated it, though the difference between his views and the views of Lord Halifax is not apparent to the naked eye. English Protestantism was always tough, and it is as tough as it ever was to-day.

M. DUPUY'S CHANCE.

A RECENT speech by the French Premier is taken as a bad omen by the Anti-Dreyfus party in Paris. He declared that the Government would maintain the integrity of the Army by dissociating it from the odium which may fall upon some of its representatives. This looks as if M. Dupuy expected the decision of the Cour de Cassation to make the position of the General Staff untenable. Already he is accused of conspiring with the *Figaro* to publish the evidence in such a way that the depositions of those "noble patriots," the witnesses for the Staff, seem to be riddled by the "fabrications" of the "Syndicate." Certainly M. Dupuy cannot fail to note that the preponderance of the testimony is all against the Zurlinden gang. The truth is literally pouring out, and although the mass of French readers remain unconscious of it because their favourite journals garble it shamelessly, the united Chambers of the Court can scarcely act as if they knew no more about the case than the subscribers of the *Libre Parole*. M. Dupuy cannot get up in the Chamber of Deputies and affirm on his honour and conscience, like Billot, that Dreyfus was justly and legally condemned. The day for that thumping lie is over, and the Premier appears to be considering some measure which will formally remove the honour of the Army from the keeping of Billot and his accomplices. No wonder that these gentry and their friends are uneasy. If the judgment of the Court should be given against the General Staff, Paris may awake one morning to find that the "noble patriots" have been arrested. We may see at the French War Office a parallel to Pride's Purge. In this case the purgation, or even the threat of it, may suggest to Boisdeffre and some others the expediency of abruptly quitting this life, like Adjutant Lorimier, formerly secretary to Henry the forger. Lorimier, it seems, had been a prey to "melancholia" ever since the death of his chief. Messrs. Boisdeffre and Co. may have the same complaint very badly when the *Figaro* has finished the publication of the evidence.

Take the disclosures by General de Gallifet. Even Drumont may shrink from describing this veteran soldier as an advocate of treason and a pensioner of the "Syndicate." General de Gallifet quotes General Talbot, formerly military attaché to the British Embassy in Paris. All the attachés, said General Talbot, knew that Esterhazy would sell them any secret for one or two thousand francs. It is ridiculous to suppose that the character of this man, who could be bought by anybody, was not known at the War Office, and there is no escape from the conclusion that Esterhazy was deliberately protected by his confederates in treason. What was thought of these "noble patriots" by the Foreign Office? M. Paléologue says that the Foreign Office refused to give up the original of the Panizzardi cypher despatch, which was demanded by Henry with the obvious intention of doctoring it. This despatch made it clear that Colonel Panizzardi had never had any dealings with Dreyfus. M. Paléologue dictated the text to Henry, who suppressed it, and then Du Paty de Clam was employed to prepare a version in which the Italian attaché was made to hint that Dreyfus ("our emissary") should be warned. Here we see that the Foreign Office cherished a well-founded suspicion of the General Staff, and that a gross forgery was committed by the Staff to conceal their own infamy. The impudent Mercier told the Criminal Chamber that they had no business to ask whether secret documents had been communicated to the judges in the 1894 trial. We have the evidence of M. Casimir-Périer that Mercier mentioned to him the "Ce canaille de D——" document as part of the evidence then submitted, and we know that this was never seen by the defence. Captain Freystätter still declines to testify publicly, but there is abundant witness that he has privately described how he and his fellow judges on the court-martial received "proof" of a disclosure by Dreyfus to Italy of the plans of the Nice fortresses. No such charge was made, however, to Dreyfus and his counsel, for the manifest reason that the secret documents were fabricated by the "noble patriots."

Thus, link by link, the damning chain closes round the scoundrels who have abused the confidence of

France. The pretence that the truth could not be told because it would raise the most delicate questions with foreign Powers is destroyed by M. Casimir-Périer, who shows that it was the concealment of the truth which caused serious friction with Germany. By every diplomatic channel both Germany and Italy denounced the fraud which made Dreyfus a scapegoat. We have a formal repudiation by Colonel Schwartzkoppen of any knowledge of Dreyfus. So far from safeguarding the interests of France by the secrecy of the *chose jugée*, the General Staff deliberately imperilled them, for the persistence of the mulish Cavaignac, in parading the Henry forgery, came very near to provoking the German and Italian Governments to a public protest which might have had the most serious consequences. It was the fear of this that drove the War Office at last to the pretended discovery of a crime to which Henry's employers had been privy all along. Here is the real gravity of the Dreyfus case for France. That a handful of rogues in high places might enjoy impunity and the profits of treason, the country was brought to the verge of war. Had war ensued, France would have been at the mercy of Boisdeffre, Mercier, Billot, Roget—men who are as incompetent as they are dishonest. The French armies would have been organised by forgers and peculators, and led to almost certain disaster. It is clear that the vindication of Dreyfus concerns not merely the welfare of one injured man, but the honour and efficiency of the institution whose interests are held supreme by Frenchmen of all parties. If the Army is to triumph it must be saved from the treacherous charlatans who claim to speak and act in its name. Will any decree of the Court arm the Minister of a shifting majority with sufficient authority for this task? Or will M. Dupuy mete out proscription to a few of the minor offenders, and leave the greater to shuffle by degrees into more or less discreditable retirement?

THE SAMOAN IMBROGLIO.

THE deplorable news from Samoa which arrived on Wednesday ought not, of course, to affect the relations of Germany, England, and the United States. Nevertheless, there is a strong probability that they will be affected by the feeling which is being worked up in Germany and in America rather than amongst ourselves. As a rule, the German Foreign Office, though inclined—in accordance with the character of the people—to be technical and pedantic, is a model of diplomatic correctness. But its representatives abroad come from a class whose native cantankerousness is exaggerated by the duel, and whose patriotism is intensified by the fact that their countrymen in foreign parts prefer business to patriotism. The Western Concert fails in Samoa, as the European Concert failed in Crete; and, however the German Foreign Office may strive to maintain its attitude, it must not be forgotten that at the present moment it is influenced, not merely by classes which are naturally Chauvinist, but by the Catholic Centre. Their papers get their information from a mission establishment in Samoa which has shown itself bitterly anti-English, and which sees in the defeat of Mataafa, the Roman Catholic proselyte, a danger to the progress of its own creed.

The precise meaning of recent events in Samoa is still obscure; but it seems probable that the English and American commanders have taken a short and practical way with legal technicalities, and that the Germans have taken their stand on the letter of the law. It is conjectured that Mataafa's rule was at first recognised—most probably as purely provisional—and then the recognition was withdrawn by the English and American representatives in view of the election of Tanu (son of the late and much-maltreated Malietoa Laupepa) and the misbehaviour of Mataafa's supporters. Herr Rose, the German Consul-General, did not recognise this withdrawal, and encouraged Mataafa to resist, declaring, moreover, that the foreign naval forces were not entitled to carry out the decision of the Supreme Court unless the Powers were unanimous. Mataafa resisted accordingly, and his forces were shelled—chiefly, it would seem, to prevent danger to the European residents in Apia. This fighting lasted from March 15th to March 21st, the Germans taking no part, but doing their best indirectly to obstruct the Americans and English. A few days after, it was renewed; and on April 1st a British and American force was tempted into an ambuscade—it is said, though we refuse to credit it, with the connivance or by the advice of a German private resident—and suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Samoans, who, but for German encouragement, would not be fighting at all. We cannot wonder that the American public, new to the incidents of empire, but already hot against German naval officers for their conduct in the Philippines, should be roused up even to contemplate war. But, though we do not wonder at German heat either, there is much less justification for it. Herr Rose, the German Consul-General, seems to be the prime mover in Mataafa's resistance. The commander of the *Falke* does not seem to have recognised, any more than Herr Rose, that the primary duty of European forces in dealing with semi-barbarians is to enforce order and respect for European property and life. Humanitarian reasons, no doubt, may give pause to these efforts, but we do not imagine Herr Rose was acting on humanitarian grounds. He seems to have been pressing the letter of the Samoan Treaty at all risks to the peace of the islands—pressing it, indeed, so that he broke it in another way, by violating that provision of it which restrains the representatives of the Powers from interfering in the internal affairs of the islands.

Unfortunately, in this case Herr Rose's attitude is reflected in Berlin. The German Government, to do it justice, is anxious to get the matter settled. But—distrusting, presumably, the Anglo-American alliance—it insists that the decision of the Commissioners must be unanimous on every point. The rule of unanimity on any point is hardly reasonable, but the rule of absolute unanimity is unworkable. We do not despair of a settlement on this matter; but we trust Lord Salisbury will show himself firm. Of the Commission itself, as we have said on a previous page, we should have great hopes if it had a free hand and were allowed to act by a majority vote. But we doubt if German pedantry will allow either. Meanwhile the difficulty suggests some reflections. The thought of a German-American war may be put aside. War for such causes is hardly conceivable, and, if it came to pass, the combatants could do each other little real harm. Germany, by heavy subsidies, has managed to acquire a splendid mercantile fleet, but war would stop its use in commerce, and she could hardly operate with it against the new American possessions. The German-Americans are Americans first; and America—except, perhaps, a small part of Brooklyn—cannot be much affected by anything a German fleet may do. But, seeing that it is so difficult for us to arrange matters with Germany in Samoa, and that Germany is so ready to take offence at our action, what would our fate have

been as partners in the comprehensive Anglo-German alliance that used to be desired by amateur politicians and by Mr. Chamberlain?

FINANCE.

THE Stock Exchange continued weak and inactive during the first two days of the week. Last week, it will be recollected, money was scarce and dear. Billbrokers had to renew a considerable proportion of the loans they had borrowed from the Bank of England, and a fear sprang up that the settlement, which began this week, might be found difficult. Many people closed their accounts, therefore, in the hope of being able to buy more cheaply when the settlement came on. And, lastly, many of the holiday-makers did not return to town. On Monday of this week, when the settlement in mining securities began, it was found that money was scarce and rates rather high; but in reality the rise in rates was not much, and, except in the Rhodesian department, there was no increase in the account open for the rise. On Tuesday the settlement in securities generally began, and rates were certainly not heavy. On Wednesday morning there was a general recovery. It was stimulated, partly by the belief that the fear of dear money had been overdone, and that, after all, money would be cheap and plentiful during the month, partly by a recovery in Paris, but chiefly by a marked rise in New York. For some time past money has been scarce and dear in that city. Speculation, which had been running riot, was suddenly checked, and a sharp fall occurred in prices generally. On Tuesday of this week money became more plentiful, and there was a very general recovery in the Market. This stimulated the improvement here, and prices advanced in every department. It is probable that the improvement will continue, for trade is expanding in every direction; and as profits are realised some portion of them will certainly be invested upon the Stock Exchange. It is true that almost all Government securities, home and foreign, are exceedingly high. Home Railway stocks again, American railways, foreign railways, and a very large proportion of International securities are exceptionally high. But good trade increases the earnings of all kinds of industrial securities, and the demand for them. As to mines, every month's reports give greater encouragement respecting Rhodesia; while in the Transvaal the output is growing weekly. Unfortunately the old political apprehensions are reviving. President Kruger has allowed a golden opportunity to pass, and has refused all real redress to the mining industry. There is a good deal of distress amongst the foreign population. Wages are low. Employment is scarce, and a condition of things has grown up which might easily lead to trouble. The petition presented by the Uitlanders to the British Government is thought by many to indicate the beginning of another danger. Thus, in spite of the steadily increasing output, prices tend downwards rather than upwards. But apart from the Transvaal, mining securities are generally improving; and it looks as if the temporary stringency in the New York Money Market were drawing to a close, and we were about to witness another period of active speculation. Prices have now been carried so very high that speculation is becoming dangerous, and it will be well for the public to be on its guard. Fortunately, the European public in general has not bought American securities very largely. Still, it may be well to point out that prices have been run up too quickly; that the number of new companies—especially industrial companies—established during the past two years has been excessive; and that the amalgamation of trusts and other such concerns has been overdone.

The main influence upon the Stock Markets just now is the condition of the Money Market. Many causes are operating to make money scarcer than it has been since the Baring collapse. Trade at home, in the United States, and in Germany is more active than it has been since 1890, and it is expanding in all three countries. Trade is very active likewise in Belgium; is decidedly improving in France and in other portions of the Continent; in Argentina, Uruguay, and Chili; still more evidently in India; and, we hope it may be added, in Australia likewise. Still, there is no reason to expect any real scarcity of money in London until September at the earliest. There may be comparative tightness; but it will not be very serious, and will not last very long. Consequently, the fears that have been entertained on the Stock Exchange during the past week or two seem to be entirely exaggerated, and they are very likely to be followed by equally extravagant hopes of exceedingly cheap money. Probably, however, rates will rule much as they are for some weeks yet, and business, therefore, will revive upon the Stock Exchange. In the United States it looks also as if the temporary stringency was coming to an end. But in Germany money is in very strong demand, and is likely to continue so. In India the export season is now drawing to a close, and this implies a considerable falling off in the demand for Council drafts. But up to the present the Council has continued to sell wonderfully well. On Wednesday it offered for tender 60 lacs, and the applications exceeded 185 lacs. The total amount offered was allotted at prices slightly exceeding 1s. 4d. per rupee.

The East Indian Railway Company offers for subscription £1,000,000 3 per cent. new debenture stock, with principal and interest guaranteed by the Secretary of State for India. The minimum price is par. The stock may be either wholly or partially redeemed at par on or after May 4, 1929, on twelve months' notice.

The Mazawattee Tea Company, Limited, invites subscriptions for 14,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each at a premium of 10s. each.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

WEDNESDAY.—It is sometimes an advantage, even from the point of view of the commentator on public affairs, to escape for a season from all ken of what is passing in the world. For more than a fortnight the present writer has enjoyed this advantage, has been where no letters or newspapers could reach him, and has had no companions save the restless waves and the chance associates of ship-board life. It has been my fortune to meet on three different mail steamers with little communities of English people, some hailing from or travelling to South Africa, and some journeying homewards from far New Zealand. What has been most striking in my experiences amongst these representative Britons has been the abundant proofs I have found of the growth of what we call the Imperial sentiment. Wherever I went I found that my fellow travellers—not a few of whom had never set foot on English soil—were Imperialist to a man, and still more to a woman. All the old talk that one used to hear of scarcely veiled dissatisfaction with English policy and the English connection has vanished, and in its place there is an ardent, almost passionate devotion to the Mother Country, and that "Imperial idea" which sometimes comes perilously near to Jingoism, pure and simple. It is well worth covering three thousand miles of stormy seas in order to gather this evidence of the prevailing temper of our race. For good or for evil, the spirit which prevailed so largely a few years ago is now extinct, and in its

place one finds an enthusiastic devotion to the sentiment of Imperial unity, and I think I must add Imperial aggrandisement.

However short a time one may be out of the reach of news, something untoward is certain to happen during one's absence. It was with a great shock of pain and surprise that on opening my paper at Plymouth this morning—the first I had touched since March 25th—I read an account of the funeral of Mr. "Tom" Ellis. Even the knowledge that his health had for some time past been precarious had not prepared me for so grievous a blow as this. Mr. Ellis was one of those fortunate men who command something more than the respect and confidence—the love of all who came into close contact with him. Simple and unaffected as a child, gay and frank as only the Celt can be, he had at the same time deep-rooted convictions and principles for which, if necessary, he would have gone to the stake. His death is a grievous loss to the Liberal party and the Liberal cause; but that which one mourns most of all is the premature extinction of a bright and ardent spirit for whom all men who knew him entertained the warmest feelings of affection, and whose place in Parliament it will be almost impossible to fill.

Last night's debate on the Church Question has put that question in a position in which it can hardly be allowed to remain. The House of Commons has answered the insolent manifesto of the English Church Union in a most unmistakable fashion, and the ultra-Ritualists must feel that their challenge has been taken up. The State, from which they receive so much, has made it clear that it will require them to perform their part of the bargain, and they are brought face to face with the alternative of submission or withdrawal. That they can fight Parliament successfully, and enjoy Parliamentary privileges without fulfilling the conditions on which those privileges were granted to them, is not to be imagined.

Thursday.—The Samoan news is serious, but it is impossible to believe that this is a case in which diplomacy cannot arrive at a pacific solution of the difficulties. Only a criminal lunatic would be capable of making a war between great States out of the squabbles of these "gentle" savages; and though diplomatists are not, perhaps, the ablest or most successful of men, there is no reason to suppose that any one of them is absolutely mad.

The *fiasco* of the Licensing Commission is a dismal event. That it is due primarily to the determination with which the nominees of the brewing trade have stood out for the vested interest they represent is clear; but it is also, in part at least, due to the fact that Lord Peel has carried into the Royal Commission the very masterful ways which made his Speakership so successful. In the House of Commons everybody listens to the voice of authority, and the Speaker's power is practically unlimited. It is, indeed, stretched at times almost too far for the public good, and one is inclined to wonder at the readiness with which even the most independent of members submit to it. But the Chairman of a Royal Commission holds a very different office from that of Speaker, and more than once we have seen—as in the case of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's Royal Commission—that there are men who positively take delight in flouting the opinions and disregarding the authority of the Chair. In the present case the most noticeable fact is that a timid Administration which devised the Royal Commission simply in order to get rid of a difficult question has been so fortunate as to get a further respite through the practical breaking-up of the Commission itself.

Friday.—The Cabinet of cowards has once more shown the white feather. Yesterday's Budget was little short of a scandal; but it is the kind of scandal to which Tory Chancellors of the Exchequer have of late accustomed us. Evidently it will be left to the new Liberal Administration to pay the piper for the song which has been called by an Administration that has been engaged in lining the pockets of its friends at the expense of the nation.

It was a great relief to everybody to know that Mr. Herbert Gladstone had accepted the post of Chief Liberal Whip in succession to the late Mr. Ellis. Mr. McArthur, who has done yeoman service during the absence of Mr. Ellis, had, of course, the first offer of the post; but his business engagements did not permit of his taking an office which is one of the most absorbing and laborious in the public service. It is a good thing that Mr. Gladstone will have the co-operation of all his colleagues in the Whip's office. Personally I have the satisfaction of knowing that so far back as 1894 I suggested the appointment that has now been made. Mr. Gladstone has the personal qualities that a Chief Whip ought to possess, and, in addition, a hereditary position in the House second to that of no other man.

A GREAT MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE centenary of the Church Missionary Society is an event of more than denominational interest. It is a symbol of the fact that the English Church does not conceive itself as limited to the English people. As an Establishment it may be Anglican; as a Church it is cosmopolitan, with obligations to all peoples and tongues. The society is a great society, numbering among its sons some of the most heroic figures of our century. It is remarkable that the party which is most timid and least progressive in the Church at home has been the least grudging and the most unwearied and courageous in its work abroad. The High Church has been audacious in its battle with the law and the legislature, the episcopal and the judicial bench on the one hand, and with the sodden mass of indifference and ungodliness in our slums and villages on the other, but the Low Church has been curiously without the courage of its convictions in the face of the new intellectual and ecclesiastical tendencies, though it has not failed to illustrate and emphasise its timidity by occasional outbreaks of fear or fanaticism, which have done more to hearten and help its opponents than the years of chronic and alarmed toleration. But the spirit which has turned sadly from the strife at home, acquiescing where it could not resist, has acted boldly abroad, has poured its wealth of men, means, and enthusiasm upon the peoples that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. The society which can claim names so illustrious as those of Allan Gardiner, Hannington, and Mackay, has no need to veil its face before the party whose saints are Keble, Pusey, and Church.

The C.M.S., though the youngest but one of the great missionary societies, is yet the largest in men and resources. Almost a century younger than the S.P.G., it is a vaster organisation, richer in men and in achievements. While born later than the Baptist and the London societies, it has excelled both in agencies though not in enterprise. But it would be a mistake to think that English missions are no older than the missionary societies. They are as old as the knowledge by our race of the Christian religion. The conversion of Britain was more the work of her own people than of Rome. Augustine of Canterbury was a comparatively late comer. The Scottish and Irish Churches were not Roman in their constitution and customs—were, indeed, really much the reverse. And the century which saw the Church reformed, saw the spirit which creates the missionary return in power. We are all familiar with the work of Xavier in the East; we often forget another mission, no less Christian and Evangelical, which sailed from our shores to the West. The men who inaugurated the modern expansion of England, the Pilgrim Fathers, were at once colonists and missionaries. In their covenant

they agreed to do two things, extend two kingdoms: that of "our Sovereign Lord King James," but still more that of the King who was Lord of their consciences, and ought to have been Lord of the rather fickle and angular Stuart conscience. And it is certain that when they had to defend themselves by very carnal weapons, their pastor, John Robinson, reproached them for killing rather than converting the Indians. And out of the same Puritan society went John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians; and he not only translated the Scriptures into the native tongue, but gave the impulse which created the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians more than half a century before the familiar S.P.G. was founded. But though the C.M.S. has thus many famed and illustrious elder sisters, she may yet claim that in the abundance of her labours and in the multitude of her labourers she excelleth them all.

It may be said that this Society more than any other institution in the English Church embodies the spirit and perpetuates the energies and aims of the Evangelical Revival. The note of that Revival was what its spokesmen loved to describe as "the love of souls." This love was most unlike what the enemy used to satirise as "*other*-worldliness." It no doubt was a passionate desire to save men from the wrath to come, but this desire was never conceived as in itself a merit, or as anything that entitled the man who gave himself up to it to any reward either in this life or the life to come. Nor was it satisfied with simply securing the eternal happiness of the soul it loved. On the contrary it was full of a most wholesome worldliness, and set itself to make time as much like eternity and as full of good as it could possibly be. So it took up the question of manners and morals, protesting against the licence that degraded life, and the false honour which destroyed it; befriended the prisoner, pleaded for an amelioration of our savage criminal laws, and the purification and reformation of our jails; advocated the cause of the slave and secured his emancipation; and laboured to make the lot of the poor less hard and the laws of the State kindlier to the weak, more rigorous to the strong, and more impartial to all. These causes stood impersonated in Exeter Hall, a name which writers who knew not the enthusiasm of humanity used to earn a cheap smartness by trying to mock.

Now the missionary societies which came into being in the last decade of the eighteenth century were the creation of this feeling. They embodied the love of all that was most spiritual in man, and were agencies for its realisation. Their characteristic was love of the ideal in him, the immortal part, whether in its temporal or in its eternal form. And to this they have, on the whole, remained true. They have never consented to regard the lower as mere spoil for the so-called higher races, creatures destined by a beneficent Providence to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, or buyers of poisonous rum from "civilised" sellers, or proprietors who are best served when they are jockeyed out of their land and turned into its enforced cultivators; but they have endeavoured to make the English people conscious of their duties to feebler peoples, and to persuade them it were better to remain righteously poor than to be wrongfully enriched. The Missionary Society is a form under which the Church serves the home-land abroad. It tends to keep before our people an ideal they would fain forget, but need to be compelled to remember. The truth ought to be preached without ceasing that wealth does not consist in adding field to field, or in filling our barns to bursting, but in doing justly and in loving mercy. The societies that preach this gospel will suffer reproach, but they will do honour to God and be of service to man. As one of the most capable preachers of this eternal gospel we cordially congratulate the C.M.S. on its centenary, and wish it may live through many more centuries of equal usefulness in undiminished vigour.

SECRET COMMISSIONS.

THE want of leisure and absence of public spirit which have been so often fatal to combined effort, municipal or voluntary, in the metropolis have hitherto prevented the London Chamber of Commerce from playing so useful a part as might be expected of an association of traders of the chief commercial city of the world. The report of the Committee of the Chamber on secret commissions seems likely, however, to have important practical results, and to do much to justify the existence of the organisation. As both Sir Edward Fry and the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, in their speeches at the dinner of the Chamber on Monday night, the support of the commercial community is necessary both to carry a Bill and to give it, when it has been carried, operative effect. The evil is due largely to moral supineness even among those who do not directly benefit by the system, and it is extraordinary that under the existing law so few cases have been made public, though, as every business man and every lawyer knows, the receipt of secret commissions is common both in professional and in mercantile life. This is the more extraordinary, and yet the more explicable, when we come to recognise the fact that commissions, unknown to individual clients or employers, are constantly received by otherwise respectable people without any sense of guilt or shame. They take the thing as so much a matter of course that they are hardly conscious that the individual client or employer may be ignorant of the custom. For instance, on the flotation of new companies, a commission, varying according to the difficulty of financing the concern, is frequently paid to brokers who induce their clients to apply for shares. If the commission is moderate, the Courts have decided that there is nothing wrong in the company paying the commission—that is to say, that it does not amount to the issue of shares at a discount. Nor is there anything wrong in the broker receiving the commission if his clients know of the commission and of its amount. But not in one case in a hundred is the client told. He may guess that there is a commission, but more frequently he supposes that the broker is doing him the service of sending in the application—a service involving small labour—in order to retain his custom in buying or selling shares. Yet we have never heard of the Stock Exchange punishing or reprimanding a broker for taking such a secret commission. Again, it is a common, if not invariable, custom among brokers to charge only half the usual commission on business introduced by professional clients, and especially solicitors. For instance, the solicitor to a trust estate is directed to make a change of investment, and the broker charges him $\frac{1}{16}$th instead of $\frac{1}{8}$th per cent. on the sales and purchases. This reduction is allowed with the express object of giving the solicitor the difference between the actual and the ordinary commission, and sometimes a contract note is made out falsely purporting to charge the $\frac{1}{8}$th per cent. Strictly honourable solicitors refuse to take the difference, and give their clients the advantage of the lesser commission. But obviously this cannot be the usual course, for, if it were, all investors would do their business through solicitors, and brokers would be forced to change the custom. If Mr. Margetts, the President of the Incorporated Law Society, were to make inquiry, he would learn among the members of his own profession many things to induce him to wonder why he had not heard before of the prevalence of secret commissions. The same thing happens in the case of insurance business, when both lawyers and doctors frequently share in the large commissions allowed by the companies.

We have taken cases of comparatively small moral obliquity, because we think it important to point out that such cases, as well as those grosser cases which would in ordinary language be called

fraudulent, come within the purview of the Bill which Lord Russell of Killowen is to introduce in the House of Lords. The solicitor who accepts the half-brokerage without telling his client would under that Bill be guilty of a criminal offence. And we think rightly so. Unless the learned professions can be purged of any suspicion of evil-doing, it is hopeless to expect absolute honesty among clerks of works and others in like positions. Cases of doctors who get a commission from the chemist on the prices of medicines sold to their patients might perhaps be dealt with by professional disciplinary measures. And yet we are not sure. Solicitors in the old days before the Corrupt Practices Act were among the most frequent offenders against electoral morality, but we never heard of the Incorporated Law Society punishing them. There is nothing like a simple and drastic criminal law to prevent evil-doing, especially among men of position and respectability. We believe that the Lord Chief Justice's Bill would very soon put an end to the receipt of secret commissions by those who have more to lose from conviction at the Old Bailey than they can hope to gain by dishonesty.

The effect of the Bill in the humbler byeways of unrighteousness might not be so immediate, but in one sense the substitution of a criminal for a civil remedy is in those cases more essential. For instance, if a master discovers his cook receiving commission from the butcher, he cannot well sue her, and if he sues the butcher the difficulty of proving how much was actually received will be great. The master can recover the commissions as an amount by which he was overcharged on his meat, but he will probably not be able to prove the receipt of commission on more than one occasion. It would be quite different if the payment of commission under such circumstances were made a criminal offence, for then even the cook and butcher might be afraid. The offence for which Jabez Balfour is now suffering penal servitude only amounted to the receipt of a secret commission, which in that case was criminal because as a director he stood in a fiduciary position. In the essence of things the cook also stands in a fiduciary position towards her master, and should be similarly punished, for we do not in England openly recognise the *sous*. The difficulty of finding evidence in some trades may at first prevent the Bill having full effect. For instance, in the building trades the system of dishonesty is so deeply rooted as to make it very difficult to procure proof. Everyone knows that as a fact contractors frequently bribe clerks of the works and even engineers and architects, and that those who supply materials bribe the servants of contractors, but it is extraordinarily difficult to get contractors to make a stand against the system, for every contractor, if the contract is strictly drawn, is practically at the mercy of those whom he is bound under the contract to satisfy, and contractors who give bribes are afraid to prosecute their employees when in turn they find themselves cheated. So many awkward things might come out. This side of the evil will take longer to eradicate, but a stringent criminal law is the first step. The rest must be left to a gradual awakening of public opinion. The really disheartening feature of the whole matter is that, according to the opinion of all competent observers, the evil is actually growing, and the difficulties of honest dealing are increasing day by day. If we could only have a public opinion as strenuous as our Chief Justice, all would soon be right.

A TROUT AT LAST.

IT rose to our companion. She had been casting over a pool sheltered by banks so high that the wind did not stir the surface in the least. The peacefulness of the scene was suddenly dispelled. The cast fell close to the lee shore, where the water is deep; the fish threw itself upon the tail fly with a ferocity strangely out of keeping with the placidity of things; the first trout of the season was soundly hooked. We will not describe the subsequent procedure in detail. We have an absurd recollection of ourself upside-down, hanging from our toes upon the bank and with our head towards the depths, striving to reach the trout with a short landing-net. Suffice it to say that we did land him, and that he was a pounder in apparently excellent condition. In England as well as in Scotland trout often seem to be more forward in April than they are sure to be in June. That has puzzled us many a time. The explanation cannot lie in our natural willingness to find the first trout of the year surprisingly hale and hearty. Although not so plump as it would be in June, the April fish is certainly brighter of aspect than the summer fish; and it is by the colour that sportsmen judge of a trout's condition. If the hues are iridescent and there is no white fringe on any fin, they say the trout is perfect. Well, just such a trout was the one which the lady caught on Tuesday morning. We cannot, however, believe that it was really a better fish than the lusty two-pounder which we shall see her playing in the second or third day of the May-fly week. Our own opinion is that the fine appearance which trout often present early in spring is due to the coldness of the water. Perhaps it should be noted that the water is ampler and fresher as well as colder. At any rate, it is a fact that in the stimulating sunlit coolness of noon the other day the lady's expression, as we netted the trout from the water to the grass, was even rosier and merrier than it will be when she is gracing the ballrooms of midsummer. Is it only a poet's licence to assume that all sentient beings may be subject to the same stimulating influence? No. It is to the weather of spring in England that English woodlands and English meadows and English maids owe their unrivalled beauty. If we protected ourselves and our country from the trying temperatures of its winter solstice, by enclosing these blest isles in a huge glass case which any transAtlantic inventor could easily construct, our maids would be no more comely than those of America, who live in hot-houses six months of the year, and our meadows would be as uninspiring as the prairies. We say this with some heat. That is because we have heard of a statesman who the other day remarked that, if it were in his power to choose his path in life, instead of being one of the leaders of the Liberal party he would spend all day long in a study with no beastly fresh air in it, a French novel on his reading rack, and a bottle of white wine at his elbow. When a heretical sentiment such as that can creep into our councils, who can wonder that now and then we have too many leaders and a famine in the matter of followers?

It has not yet been said where we fished on Tuesday. The truth is that the name of the river is unknown to us. In that respect we may liken ourself unto a certain dandy of the British Army. Shortly after joining the Fifth Hussars he met a friend belonging to his old regiment, who asked him what regiment he had joined. "Oh, my dear fellow," said the dandy, "I don't know its name. You go to it from Waterloo." Similarly, we went to our river from Waterloo. It flows, westward, through a valley in Hampshire. We do not know what the weather in London was on Tuesday; but in Hampshire it was excellent. As we were putting up our rods under the old oak tree, a slatey-blue cloud, tinged in its lower surface as if with smoke, sat high and motionless in the north-west. Soon a wind roared over the hills, and we were pelted for ten minutes with snow of a strange dryness. That was not altogether a bad omen. When the cloud had spent its fury it would dissolve, leaving the valley swathed in stillness and warm sunshine. It

did; but, unfortunately, there was no hatch of any fly. We did not see a single "natural rise" all day; yet we caught here and there a trout. That is a matter for wonder; but it is not inexplicable. The lady, we noticed, was very slow in her movement up the stream. She was not content with one cast over any likely place. Cast after cast, to the number of at least a dozen, she made before she stepped a few yards farther. On any reasoning according to the orthodoxy of angling, one would not have expected her to find much sport on that system. One would have thought that if a trout did not rise at the first cast over him he would be put down, and would stay down. That idea, it turned out, would have been a mistake. Half an hour after the capture of the first fish, the lady was battling with another. After having had the flies thrown over him at least twelve times, he leapt at Mellish's Nondescript, a most ungainly fly, with precision and honest intent. What the intent was we cannot say for certain. Mr. Richard Holt Hutton had a theory which, if acceptable, would explain the phenomenon, and Sir Herbert Maxwell seems to have adopted it. The theory is that salmon and trout are capable of anger, and that sometimes they seize a lure, not because they wish to eat it, but because it annoys them. That seems to us an untenable position. Where the water is shallow and the bottom sandy, you actually see the trout which you would fain catch. Either he takes the fly at the first offer or he darts away. The more you pursue him with temptation, the more scarified is the horror in which he resists it. In short, our observation does not contain a single instance of a trout or a salmon rising at a fly immediately after he had been obviously alarmed. Our own understanding of the lady's success on Tuesday is much simpler than that which has been proffered by the observers whose theory we have mentioned. It is that her second trout was not alarmed by her first cast, or by her second, or by any other. He did not rush at the lure in anger. He simply said to himself, as cast after cast dropped over him, "Hullo! Upon my word, here's a rise of Mellish. 'Tis pretty early in the year, and Mellish cannot be very succulent just yet; but I may as well taste and see."

That probably explains our fair companion's second fish; but it leaves untouched another problem suggested in our experiences on Tuesday. Whilst we landed a trout every now and then during the lulls between the snow-laden blasts, it was noticeable that not a fin stirred when the wind worked its way into the valley. During the pauses of the storm the air moved gently from the west; at the other times, though never than steady, it came with fitful violence from the north-east. Trout seem to like the west wind and the south, and to dislike the north and the east. There are, it is true, exceptions to this rule. The scene of one of then is Lochleven. On that famous water it is for the east wind that the commodore whistles. In that case, however, we quite understand the peculiarity. When the wind sits in any westerly quarter, it beats full upon the loch from leagues of an uninterrupted plain; it is apt to be so strong that the boats can endure it only when to the lee of some large island; and, sharp as the vision of fish is, one can conceive that the surface of a water may be so severely wind-swept that they cannot recognise even the largest fly. On the other hand, Lochleven is sheltered from the east by the Lomond Hills, and even during the fiercest east wind in the Howe of Fife there is never more than a pleasant ripple on the lake. The rule, however, is as we have stated. Trout are put down by the east wind and by the north, and stay down until the wind falls or changes. We might have formed a theory to explain this, were it not that when the question occurred to us we found a more interesting consideration. The lady, who had been gathering primroses, presented to us a buttonhole. That brought to our memory the well-known lines of Mr. Wordsworth about a primrose by the river's brim. Thitherto we had thought Mr. Wordsworth a great poet, but otherwise a fearsome wildful. Now he is enshrined in our regard as a great poet only. The defects of his qualities are forgotten.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

THE birds and flowers all suffered a bewildering set-back a week or two ago, but the dominion of the nor'-east blasts is over. Soon our hedgerows will again be ringing with sweet music, and the bees be busy with the dandelion bloom.

Wedded song thrushes began to build during the burst of genial weather the early days of March brought us, and unmated birds to sing bewitchingly as they wandered from tree to tree in the hope of attracting mates, but the sudden downward plunge of the thermometer stopped all that, and hardened the hearts of our cock robins until they became so vicious over edible trifles that they would not allow their own wives to join them at table. A pair of these birds living in my garden have taught me to gauge with some exactness the quality of early spring weather. A drop in the temperature means, so far as a male robin is concerned, less food and consequently less tolerance of the immediate presence of his better half; but as the mercury swells so does his heart, and he grows kinder and kinder until nest-building commences, when he develops into a really model husband. Whilst his wife is brooding he spends his days in cheering her with song and finding such tit-bits for her delectation as the warm sunshine has coaxed forth from mother earth and dormancy.

Tufts of rabbits' down are plentiful everywhere now, and in the dusk of evening a piercing squeal explains that masculine strife is rampant in bunnyland, and the brave are striving to deserve the fair. A wee hillock of yellow mould on a sloping bank, a hundred yards away from some well-stocked burrow, suggests to the uninitiated the commencement of a new rabbit town abandoned because of the unsuitable nature of the ground. But the trained observer sees in it something very different. The mould has quite recently been patted down hard, and tells him that a little way ahead of that innocent-looking attempt at excavation lies a well-hidden secret — a family of wee wild rabbits huddling nervously together in a luxurious bed of beautiful soft down which their mother has considerately plucked from her own nether parts in order to keep her children warm, and at the same time better their chances of finding in the double darkness of her nocturnal visit and their early blindness her little fountains of sustenance.

On the hill tops some of the lapwings are turning somersaults in the air and crying joyously, "Pee-weet, pee-weet, pee-weet a-weet, wee-up," and scratching out suspicious little declivities on small knowes where the descending rains and coming floods will do no harm to their prospective treasures, whilst others are dreaming fearsomely of the egg gatherer or lamenting the loss of a clutch, already gracing some poulterer's shop window.

Already leverets a quarter grown are squatting amongst the dead brown grass clothing the upland fallows, and when disturbed do not hesitate to seek safety in a directionless awkward flight across the hard uneven ground.

The hazel catkins have already dangled in their yellow glory to the length of three and a quarter inches in some favoured spots, and have now turned a rusty red in obedience to stern Jack Frost, who has also robbed the willow trees all too early of their wealth of beauty.

Here and there a sheltered hawthorn is timidly

venturing to show tiny bits of tender green on its lowest branches, and the hardy elderberry tree, with its wealth of white pith and lichen-clad branches, is sending forth an advance guard of coarse young leaves. Everywhere primroses are thrusting forth their corrugated leaves and delicate flowers, which make a brave show when staring open-eyed in the buttonhole of a sentimental young gamekeeper's brown velvet jacket. The lad is busy with his traps, because he knows the time to catch vermin is when love's young dream makes them wander with reckless gallantry. Everything is full of awakening joy and effort, and such birds as have not already found mates are fighting fiercely for prizes still unallotted.

The French or red-legged partridge is a truly martial bird, and when two strong young males strive for the favour of one female things go ill with breath and feathers. They chatter a while in a strangely un-English kind of bird language that heralds combat, then head to head, like game-cocks, dash fiercely at each other, and rise a foot or two into the air a mere twirling, confused bundle of feathers. When they reach *terra firma* again they one or both shake the feathers from between their mandibles, walk round for a regain of breath, and then strike home once more. While all this fun is going forth Mademoiselle is running round excitedly. She does not show the faintest sign of fear, but acts as if she greatly admired the prowess of her admirers, and wished to see a fair stand-up fight and no unfair blows struck. By-and-by one of the combatants hesitates in what ought to be his advance to the fray. Shows the white feather. Turns and runs. All is lost! His adversary is delighted at this sudden surrender, and gives hot chase. Foolish bird, the enemy is only trying his wind, and directly he gets to the top of a steep knoll turns and hurls himself with all his force at his astonished assailant, who is rolled over by the sudden impact. The fight is instantly renewed, and, after a little wind-gaining, sparring waxes as hot as ever. Meantime, the interest taken in it by the fair one flags, and she wanders off in ever-widening circles until the feathered gladiators miss her, and by mutual consent "cease fire," and go in opposite directions to search for her. One of them finds the fair lady just over the brow of a neighbouring hill, and flies away promptly with her, and the contest is over for that day, at any rate.

The Great or Oxeye Tits are beginning to forsake the gardens wherein they have revelled in nets of suet and cocoanut during the winter, and sharpen saws in the woods; and very soon we shall have troops of migrants from across sea enlivening hillsides and hedgerows with their call notes and songs.

R. Kearton.

MORE OPERATIC PROJECTS.

THE numerous projectors of national and municipal opera-houses at the expense of ratepayers and of the State have been joined by the advocates of more practicable schemes, which, also, seem to find but little support. A modest offer of £100 has been made on condition that ninety-nine other gentlemen come forward with a like sum. Then if the desired £10,000 be subscribed, a theatre will be taken for the performance in English of pretty and popular operas by Italian, French, German, and even English composers. If the money were forthcoming the only difficulty in connection with this undertaking would be to find singers in England capable of acting as well as singing the leading parts. Something of the kind is apparently to be tried by the well-known concert-giver, M. Schultz-Curtius, who has taken the Lyceum for three months, from the 15th January to the 15th April of next year. The name of Schultz-Curtius is intimately associated with that of Wagner. But there will be nothing Wagnerian in the Lyceum performances, which will include works rather in the style of the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the *Elixir of Love*, *Hänsel und Gretel*, and so on. For experiments of this kind—sure, if well managed, to prove successful—neither State aid nor parochial relief will be required.

Lord Dysart, who is nothing if not Wagnerian, aims at something far higher, or at least far bigger. He has promised £1,000, provided 174 other subscribers will each find £1,000; and he suggests that from no individual subscriber more than £1,000 shall be accepted. This precaution on the part of the musical Earl is attributed to a wholesome dread lest some South African millionaire should hasten to put up a few myriads of pounds with the view, in American parlance, of "bossing the show." No such monetary mishap in connection with the big operatic scheme has, however, yet been announced. It is understood that if the necessary £175,000 should be subscribed, Lord Dysart will be ready to furnish gratuitously a site for the opera-house on his estate at Ham, near Richmond. This would at once ensure the collapse of the undertaking.

Lord Dysart is not the only Wagnerian fanatic who has proposed to turn Richmond into a British Bayreuth. The French have never had the *naïveté* to propose the erection of a festival theatre at St. Germain or Versailles; though a Wagner opera-house, considering the passion of the Parisians for Wagner's music, would have a much better chance of succeeding near Paris than near London. The London opera-goer's taste for dramatic music moves him in the fashionable season alone, and during that busy period he would never have time, with so many lunches, dinners, afternoon parties, dances, and balls in hand, to drive down to Richmond in order to hear a five hours' performance of the *Meistersinger* or the *Götterdämmerung*. The fashionable world would never be able to reach Ham; nor does one Earl make a season any more than one swallow makes a summer.

Lord Dysart's proposal, however, whatever may be said against it, is at least rational and fair. He does not ask the Government to pay out of the taxes the cost of maintaining an enormous opera-house at an immense loss. He only calls upon persons of his own class, and the monied classes generally, to contribute towards the erection and towards the support of a first-class operatic establishment. There is no chance, however, of obtaining the necessary funds either from the House of Lords or from the Kaffir Circus. More than a century and a half ago the experiment now favoured by Lord Dysart was tried with perfect success by Handel, or for Handel's benefit; when, to keep the King's Theatre going under the direction of the famous composer, fifty noblemen subscribed, without hesitation, one thousand pounds apiece—precisely Lord Dysart's sum. Apart from all question of politics, the English aristocracy of those days had really a taste for art and cared more for fine music than for the now superior attractions of the Turf.

Meanwhile, the extraordinary proposition that the opera in England cannot be made to pay is met by the fact that every season it yields immense profits. *Solvitur solvendo.* The problem is solved by the more than solvency of the Covent Garden directors.

THE DRAMA.

"The Gay Lord Quex."—"Carnac Sahib."

THE most comprehensive formula for drama—according to M. Brunetière—is: the struggle of a will, conscious of itself, against obstacles. Make the obstacle a bad "record," a "past," as we say, and you get the particular variant of the general formula which covers all the best work of Mr. Pinero. Thus, in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* it is the "record"

which wins; in *The Benefit of the Doubt* the "record" gets the worst of it; while in *The Profligate*, as originally written, the "record" wins, and in *The Profligate* as actually played the "record" loses. In the new play which Mr. Pinero has written for Mr. Hare at the Globe, *The Gay Lord Quex*, you have the conflict of will *versus* "record" once again. As the play is a comedy, it follows *ex hypothesi* that the will must conquer; for a triumphant "record" of course means catastrophe. But the fight is fought in earnest. The two opposed forces are very evenly matched. This means good drama; for the essential value of drama is measured by the quantity of will "liberated." The will here is Lord Quex's desire to marry a "creamy English girl," Muriel Eden, who represents to him what the French call *peau neuve*—the chance of turning over a new leaf, the stepping-stone from the dead self to higher things. The "record" is the very worst record in the world for the bridegroom of such a bride—a reputation for prolonged and, the world had thought, incorrigible Don Juanism. Not to put too fine a point on it, Lord Quex has for, say, thirty out of his forty-eight years of life, been the most notorious rake in London. Muriel knows all about this record — or as much as an innocent girl can know — and, further, has given her heart to a far younger man, the impecunious but, apparently disinterested, Captain Bastling. Nevertheless, for family reasons, she has given Lord Quex her word and—barring accidents—will abide by it. The question is whether the "accidents" will happen. Muriel's foster-sister, Sophy Fullgarney, is determined that they shall. For Sophy is shocked at the thought of this innocent young virgin being sacrificed to such a Minotaur as Quex. And Sophy sets her pretty little head to work to devise a plot. If only Quex can be entrapped into showing himself as the debauchee that Sophy feels convinced he still is, then Muriel will be saved. Suppose, for instance, he could be caught kissing her, Sophy, *coram publico?* It is worth a trial, at any rate. And as Sophy has been asked to spend an evening at Fauncey Court, Richmond, where both Muriel and Lord Quex happen to be guests, the trial can be made forthwith. Meanwhile Sophy arranges opportunities for clandestine, if innocent, meetings between Muriel and Captain Bastling—an easy matter to arrange, because Sophy keeps a manicure-shop in New Bond Street, where young ladies may naturally come to buy perfumes and gallant young captains to have their nails trimmed. Why is Sophy a manicurist? Partly, no doubt, because Mr. Pinero, who is a great amateur of "modernity" in theatrical backgrounds, may have his fling at one of the fashionable follies of the hour; and I need hardly say that the humour of the manicure shop (interwoven with the humour of another Bond Street craze, palmistry, supplied by "Valma," Sophy's affianced husband and next-door neighbour) fill up the interstices of the First Act very pleasantly.

But there is another reason why Sophy should be a manicurist. Ladies who practise the art of nail-trimming have unusual opportunities of getting to very close quarters with gentlemen, and so, down at Fauncey Court, while Sophy holds Lord Quex's hand tight under the professional scissors, she pretends that a nail-splinter has flown into her eye, and—after the classic example of the Widow Wadman with Uncle Toby—invites his lordship to remove the splinter. But the kiss so diligently manœuvred for does not "come off," and so the first point in the contest is scored by Lord Quex. Sophy, however, is still hopeful, for one of the house-party at Fauncey Court is his lordship's old flame, the Duchess of Strood—a sentimental lady of consummate indiscretion—who insists that Quex shall come to her boudoir that very evening to take a solemn farewell of his old love, so to speak, "on his marriage." Sophy overhears the assignation, and, on the pretext of supplying the place of the Duchess's maid, gets access to the next room to Her Grace's boudoir.

And now you begin, I suppose, to guess what is going to happen. While the "solemn farewell" (enlivened by champagne and some grotesque romanticising on the part of the amorous Duchess—to which Quex is as deaf as St. Anthony) is taking place the pair are startled by a noise in the corridor. The door, suddenly thrown open by the Duchess, reveals Sophy at the keyhole. As Her Grace's reputation must be saved at all hazards, Quex bids her seek refuge (under the plea of "nerves") in a friend's room, and, locking all the doors, he remains to face Sophy. Then follows a most brilliant duel of wits. Quex, of course, is fighting for Sophy's silence; Sophy's one aim is to escape from the room. Will money buy her? Five thousand—any sum she likes to name? No. Then will she believe a gentleman who assures her on his honour that his visit to the Duchess was, all appearances to the contrary, quite innocent, and that his one hope of salvation from his past follies is his marriage with Muriel? Again, no. Very well, says Quex in effect, you persist in thinking me a black-guard, you shall find that I am. The scandal that foils me shall ruin you. Here you shall stay till morning, to be discovered locked up with me—*me*, the wicked Lord Quex—by the household. Now will you reconsider your decision? Again (but with natural hesitation) the answer is N—n—no. Reflect, says Quex, stay here and you cannot marry "Valma." This is a deadly thrust—Sophy had not thought of her own engagement. She surrenders, and not only swears to be silent, but hands Quex a note which shall effectually compromise her if her silence should be broken. Up to this point we have witnessed one of the stage contests of shrewd man and determined woman constructed with all the technical skill (and more) shown in *Bataille des Dames* or *Les Pattes de Mouche*. But in the next moment we get an abrupt *περιπέτεια*, which shows how far Mr. Pinero is ahead of both Scribe and Sardou. For he overturns the whole chessboard of intrigue with a kick of hearty human nature. Sophy, suddenly perceiving that her surrender means the sacrifice of her darling Muriel, repents, and throwing her own reputation to the winds, tugs at the bell. This impulsive bit of heroism completely overcomes Quex, who hands the girl back her compromising letter, and bids her go to her own room (after the alarmed servants have been quieted with a taradiddle), and tells her to take whatever course she likes in the morning. Not to be outdone in generosity, she answers, "God bless you; you've treated me like a gentleman! I'll do what I can for you." And, of course, in the end (Captain Bastling being dismissed by the very trick—the kiss-trap—which failed to catch his rival) Quex marries Muriel.

It is as brilliant a work as Mr. Pinero has ever given us—brilliant and (as you will have suspected) more than a little *osé*. Though the boudoir scene is handled with remarkable discretion, the interview with Quex and the Duchess cannot be made to appear the edifying moral spectacle that it is not. A certain garter which appears in two scenes is, perhaps, to be ranked among things not convenient. Mr. Hare is excellent as Quex, Miss Fortescue not quite so excellent as the Duchess. Minor parts well filled. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as Sophy Fullgarney (cockney accent, alternations of "gush" and *gaminerie*), an immense success.

The new play at Her Majesty's, *Carnac Sahib*, is an elaborate (and expensive) proof in four acts and eleven scenes that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would have done better to leave Mr. Rudyard Kipling alone. "Picturesque India" of to-day is evidently Mr. Jones's idea. Sultry "Gadsby" atmosphere and British pluck tone from Kipling; details of suffering and relieved-in-the-nick-of-time garrisons from Sir George Robinson's book on Chitral. Accurate uniforms, ingenious lighting effects, and picturesque "sets" of English clubs, ghauts, bungalows, and "jewelled palaces," carefully arranged by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. But it is all of no avail. For there

is no piece. There is a grass-widow, Olive (Mrs. Brown Potter), who divides her blandishments capriciously between two gallant officers, Colonel Tree and Colonel Lewis Waller. "Carnac" and "Syrett" they are called in the play. And here is one of the stage directions:—

The following scene must be played with great intensity and excitement by both CARNAC *and* SYRETT. *In the earlier part,* CARNAC, *who has been drinking freely at dinner, is possessed by jealous rage and fear that* SYRETT *is the lover of* OLIVE. *When* OLIVE *enters,* CARNAC *makes one last effort to dominate her by the reckless force of his passion. He succeeds, and in the flush of victory is insolently triumphant towards* SYRETT. SYRETT, *on the other hand, is at first cool and insolent, but when he realises that he is losing* OLIVE, *he in his turn becomes mad with jealousy, and, piqued by* CARNAC'S *behaviour, is ready in his desperation to listen to the suggestions of* MAHOMET. *It is a situation where the essential passions of men should be shown rather than their ordinary behaviour. If this jealous rage on the part of both men, a rage overruling for the time all other considerations, is not shown by the actors, the significance of the scene will be lost, and it will seem to the audience impolite or colourless. And further, the succeeding scenes between* SYRETT *and* MAHOMET *will appear to be unnatural and without foundation.*

Well, Mr. Jones's anxiety was quite justified. The scenes *do* appear to be unnatural and without foundation. He puts, by anticipation, the fault upon the players; but I think he should look nearer home. Be that as it may, the thing does not "go." Why Carnac and Syrett should be so fascinated by Olive, why Olive wants so much to fascinate them, and what her fascinations have to do with the captures of Maharajahs, the besieged garrisons, and general "alarums and excursions"—these are questions that ought to be interesting, but, as a matter of fact, are not. Olive, after exhibiting a series of wonderful costumes, vanishes from the play; Colonel Carnac pairs off with a "womanly woman" (Miss Eva Moore), and Colonel Syrett "gets left." But it is all empty and pointless as drama. As spectacle and melodramatic excitement, it may pass with the old Adelphi public. What I cannot understand is that Mr. Tree should be content to cater for that public at Her Majesty's.

A. B. W.

THE CLOCK.

THE life of the farm concentrated itself in the kitchen, a wide, pleasant room with a low ceiling, and the cheerful sounds of work came faintly to me from there all day, as I sat writing in the little front parlour. The dairy opened out of the kitchen on the northern side, and among the earliest sounds that broke the stillness of the summer morning was the slow monotonous rumble of the churn, with a whistled accompaniment. The door which gave on to the yard stood permanently open, and a clean paving of cobble stones sloped from it down to the pump. A slanting roof of pantiles formed a pleasant verandah along this side of the house, and a bench stood near the door. At one end the shed was enclosed, and under this shelter was the copper where potatoes and meal were boiled for feeding the stock. There were times in the day when a great lowing and grunting and clucking arose from different parts of the yard, soon to be followed by an unusual quiet. I came to look for these sounds daily, in their proper sequence. First a stir in the kitchen, then the clatter over the cobble stones, the note of expectancy in the voices of calves and pigs and hens; lastly, the chorus of delighted acclamation.

The clock stood between the two cheese presses, against the wall facing the window, and from the first it had the air of being the most important piece of furniture in the room. But it was only when I became more used to the ways of the household that I fully realised the part that it played. The beauty of the case had gained my respect at once; the fine and delicate inlaying of brass in the polished wood, the brass dial-plate, with its quaint engraving of sun, moon and stars, the beautifully wrought iron hands—these had the homage that was their due long before I learnt the sovereign power of the old clock itself. Everything about the house was regulated by it. The animals outside listened for the stroke of the hour before they began their clamours. Georgie had a different tune for every quarter that it struck of the allotted time for churning. If the clock said nine the family went to bed, though my watch only pointed to ten minutes past eight. But they were wise in their generation, for they knew the old tyrant would have them out of bed again before two in the morning.

The first hint of this despotism came to me on Sunday morning, when the family was preparing for church. Mrs. Pimlott was hurrying Ann over her toilet, and I looked at my watch and found there was plenty of time to spare.

"The clock is fast, Mrs. Pimlott," I said. "You will be much too early if you start now."

"Oh, we always go by the clock," she answered pleasantly; and the boys smiled as if there were something very humorous in the idea of starting for church by the time of anybody's watch.

But the tyranny of the old clock was seen at its mildest on Sunday morning. On Saturday night the great ceremony of winding took place, and in the earlier part of that day the clock set all inferior timekeepers, including the sun, at defiance. It usually gained from twenty to twenty-five minutes in seven days, and as it was always set half an hour fast, you could count, towards the end of the week, on having dinner an hour earlier than you ordered it. It was exactly the same if an appointment had to be kept or a train caught. There was an attitude of contemptuous pity in the household for the people whose clocks did not keep the same time. I had an unavailing argument with John on the subject. He admitted that the old clock was "a bit faster than other clocks," but he could not see that it was any the worse for that, and as for its being set half an hour fast—well, it might be fast by *my* time, or London time, but it was the time they kept in that part. No; he couldn't say who started it, nor when it was started. It had always been like that as long as he could remember. Station time? Oh, nobody went by station time, not even the trains. Farmers couldn't trust to station time. And church time was something between. It was all a matter of custom. In Ireland, he understood, they were half an hour slow. That wouldn't suit in Cheshire. John was still young enough to feel great pride when he wore his father's watch on market days. It was not very long since the day his mother had first entrusted him with it, and had watched with anxious eyes as he drove off with his sister in the old spring cart. Perhaps the most important duty on market day was that of "bringing back the time." It was a function as serious as the ancient one of bringing home the sacred fire, and it could scarcely have been performed successfully save by the old silver watch and the eldest son of the house. Once, during harvest, there was a question as to whether Georgie might not be trusted to go to market. There seemed to be no doubt in anyone's mind that he could dispose of the butter and eggs, but at last, though the pressure of work was great, it was John that went. "You see, he had to bring back the time," his mother explained; then, seeing my look of surprise, she went on, apologetically: "Georgie — well, Georgie is only a lad; he's not like John. I never thought to trust any of them with our master's watch, but John was always old for his years. They are good children, all of them, but I should not like to see any of them but John bring back the time and wind the clock."

"The life of the farm seems bound up in the old clock," I said musingly. "If it stopped, I think the whole thing would come to an end."

Mrs. Pimlott stood silent for a moment, and, as I glanced at her, I saw the shadow of a memory cross

her face. "It did stop once," she said at last, "many, many years ago. Our master, you know, he died when they were all little ones—John and Ann and all. He was ill a long time—weeks and months; and I could think of nothing, care for nothing but that. I scarcely remembered that I had children in those days. And near the end my baby sickened and died. I had always been fond of my babies till that time, but I never cried when she went—I think I hardly noticed. I think—I would have let all the children go if I could have kept *him* a bit longer . . . and afterwards—I never took no notice of them nor of anything. It wasn't that I cried or took on; I was never that sort. Neighbours came in, and someone must have minded the children, and the stock and that, for they didn't die, but I never took notice. And at last someone went to the vicar, and he said he'd come and see what he could do. And he talked very kind, and said I knew where to lay the burthen, and how the world was full of trouble. And the words were like pebbles against the window. 'And your little children, Mrs. Pimlott,' he said; 'you must rouse yourself for the sake of your little ones.' And when he had gone I sat there trying to think what it all meant, and I thought of the children, but only to wonder why they were there. And suddenly I looked at the clock, and I saw that it had stopped, and I thought how vexed our master would have been to see it, and in a minute something came over me like a flood, and I broke down and cried—well, I can't tell you how I cried. And when I came to myself a bit I felt something pulling at my apron, and there was John and Ann had crept in, and the poor little mites were crying too. And—well, the clock stopping like that somehow made me see things different. Our master was always that particular about the clock . . . . And after I'd wound it up and set it going—well, the rest seemed to come easier. No; we've never let it run down since then."

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE AGRICULTURAL RATING ACT IN THE SUBURBS."

SIR,—In last Saturday's issue, in an article on the Rating Act and the recent bye-election, the following words appear:—"The Harrow division could have been won for Liberalism if it had been systematically worked and educated for the last few years." I trust you will allow me to explain that this is exactly what has been done; the Harrow division has been systematically worked and educated during the last few years. The Home Counties Liberal Federation undertook a great deal of organisation work directly after the General Election of 1895; and in Harrow division, among other constituencies, the local Liberal organisation was re-constructed and strengthened about three years ago.

Another observation, that the writer of the article trusts Mr. Grant "is just the man to work it (Harrow division) and win it, and we trust he will find it possible to settle down quietly," leads me to think that Mr. Corrie Grant's obligation to the Rugby division has been overlooked.—Yours faithfully,

42, Parliament Street,
London, S.W., April 13th. W. ALLARD.

MR. DAVIDSON AND "IRONY."

SIR,—If I may employ a phrase which did not, I am thankful to say and bold to confess, originate with myself: I fear Mr. Davidson has the Nonconformist conscience. M. Verhaeren sits at a window—it is not in his French, but it is in our argument—and there writes his personal impression of a rainy day. I also sit at a window and write my impression of a rainy day. But the window of M. Verhaeren gives over the open country; mine over a garden. Now, says Mr. Davidson, M. Verhaeren is a robust and moral person: he sees carts, rivers, hearses, and all manner of entertaining matters, the vision of which is a proof of moral earnestness; while I, evidently a dull and pessimistic fellow, can see nothing but a lawn and a score of poplars. Believe me, it was no obliquity of soul; it was a domestic accident. For the rest, or rather for Mr. Smith: of course, I had read "Les Villages Illusoires," and having read it must, perforce, at my window, see the falling of threads in the rain, the falling of wool in the snow. Hence, to be faithful to my impression, these I must record, and if I have not acknowledged every debt to the living and the dead, it is that I did not wish to make a humble volume of minor verse as exasperating as an annotated Dante. For education, Mr. Smith, is systematic plagiarism.

To return to that conscience: it interests me to write a lyri or so from the standpoint of an imaginary believer in human immortality. Mr. Davidson immediately comes near to labelling me a devotional poet! If he has never reflected that one may express what is not one's own personality, I must ask him if he has heard of the drama.

Again, I happen to think that poetry is the worst of all possible media for the exposition of moral ideas. Nor could I so employ it without being wickedly dull; nor, to my mind, can any but a few, whose doing so we deplore as waste of good verse. Thought is much too rare and important a thing to rhyme. But there, I do not put my eggs into a musical box, and so, of course, I haven't any eggs.

In conclusion, I remind Mr. Davidson that strife and effort are of importance, not because they mean life, but precisely because they mean death—to all but the relatively fit. There is a philosophy in that relatively. If the conditions of struggle are ideal the survivor is the best; if they are incomplete the survivor is the worst man. This is the secret of the rise and fall of nations; at a certain point of civilisation, and its consequent specialisation, society becomes a mere factory for turning out degenerates, who form the standard by which the so-called degenerate is judged. Strife, in a decadent phase of society, is merely the means by which the valuable members of society are weeded out, and the distorted members provided with families and silk hats. It is, therefore, a matter of prudence, in certain sections of civilisation, to avoid it; and such an avoidance may be a mark of sanity. When Mr. Davidson says, in his fine breezy way, that what we want is strife, and see that you get it, he only makes one wish that lady journalists might be suppressed, or, at least, that they should be forbidden to review Nietzsche.

I cannot say, Sir, that I have a bone to pick with Mr. Davidson, because it would appear that I am the bone; be this the excuse for my contentions, as it is not the occasion. I have often been tempted to approach the platter of the two Johns, but was withheld by the modesty of my opinion that only a bone had business there. It is a principle I would defend, not myself.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

30, Lushington Road, Eastbourne. A. BERNARD MIALL.

SIR,—So Mr. Davidson's "worshipful IRONY" is Renan's Arch-Mocker under a new name. Mr. Davidson himself seems to be as full of levity and mockery as his "Grand Etre Supreme." This is, I fear, the result of keeping bad company. He refers me to the "hackneyed but profound" phrase, the "irony of fate." Hackneyed the phrase certainly is, but not particularly profound. Has Mr. Davidson ever tried to prove its meaning? If he has not, let me help him to do so. We mean by Fate the "general course of things" personified, and at the same time entirely de-spiritualised. Regarded as a force, Fate is as blind and helpless as it is relentless; and it is or seems to be relentless because it is blind and helpless, and for no other reason. We are victims of Fate just so far as we are under the control of mechanical necessity. We are superior to Fate just as far as we find spiritual freedom in the *vie profonde* of a soul. The phrase "irony of Fate" is irrationally anthropomorphic, the corresponding conception being in fact the hybrid product of an unnatural union between Anthropomorphism and Materialism. Mr. Davidson's "worshipful IRONY" seems to have had the same parentage. A Supreme Being who was human enough to be capable of cruel mockery, and yet not human enough to be capable of sympathy and love, would indeed be a monstrosity. If we must create God in our own image, let us at any rate put as much as possible of the high-souled man into his composition and as little as possible of the mischievous monkey.

Materialistic pessimism may possibly satisfy our reasoning faculties, in the narrower and vulgarer sense of the word *reason*. Orthodox optimism may possibly satisfy our emotional faculties, in the narrower and vulgarer sense of the word *emotion*. What we need is a conception of life which shall satisfy both reason and emotion, or rather which shall satisfy that higher reason which is at once intellectual and emotional. The "ironism" which Mr. Davidson has borrowed from Renan has the rare distinction of satisfying neither reason nor emotion, being in fact as irrational as it is unattractive. No one but an eccentric man of genius could have invented such an amusingly mongrel philosophy.

In conclusion, let me thank Mr. Davidson for his prompt reply to my letter. His chivalrous courtesy is on a par with his perspicacity which enabled him to detect my sex behind the pseudonym of "PUZZLED."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BLUEJACKETS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 8th inst. the following occurs in the course of your remarks in reference to the refusal by the

French sailors who rescued some of the sufferers by the *Stella* disaster of a money reward offered out of gratitude for their services by the rescued:—"On a training ship at Brest which was open to be visited by tourists was a notice to the effect 'that any member of the crew receiving from a visitor a fee disgraces his uniform and his ship'"; and you go on to say "that it is a pity such a feeling is not impressed on the British Navy."

I do not know what your experience may have been in similar cases, but the following incident which occurred to myself may not be without interest in the comparison you draw or hint at:—Last autumn I and my daughters went on board a gunboat—the *Leda* I think it was named—lying in the docks at Dover, and on speaking to a seaman he very kindly showed us over the vessel and explained with admirable clearness the principles and mechanism of a torpedo lying on the deck. On leaving the vessel, after occupying our guide for about three-quarters of an hour, I endeavoured to put half-a-crown in his hand as a small return for his very interesting services. He, however, at once put my hand aside saying, "No no, no no!" in a manner that made me apologise. A month or two later I was at one of our foreign military ports when I heard a gentleman present at a *table d'hôte* describe the pleasure he had enjoyed in a visit to the ironclad battleship lying off the harbour; how he had been taken all over it by one of the crew, who had explained everything to him in the most painstaking way, and after all, he added, "refused to take a farthing for his trouble when I left."

I think these two little unconnected incidents, far apart, show that the British sailor is in no need of being impressed by high-sounding appeals. The British man-o'-war's man is as little mercenary as the Frenchman, and not more capable than he is of accepting money from people he had just rescued from a watery grave.

I do not wish for a moment to disparage the French sailors, nor to lessen our feelings of gratitude to them for their kindness to our countrymen and women in their time of peril and distress. But the temperament of the Frenchman differs from that of the Briton. The former loves high-sounding phrases and grand sentiments, while the less articulate Britisher merely shakes his head and says, "No no!" but he is no less sensitive and responsive to all feelings of honour and humanity than the Frenchman,—Yours faithfully, AN ENGLISHMAN.

April 10th.

ERRATUM.—In THE SPEAKER of April 8th the last sentence of the Causerie should read:—"I should like to know what the Fourth Citizen said to Mr. Tree: and to Mr. Walkley's round contempt for Pecus I must reply *Dic mihi, Damoeta, cujum?*"

T. E. E.

Died April 5th, 1899, at Cannes.
Buried April 11th, 1899, at Cefnddwysarn.

DARK fell the April night upon our loss;
We thought of him, our hero and our friend,
Borne thro' the desolate night, three lands across,
Too soon to that strict gate, where we must end.
"He had the soldier's face and form," we said.
"But a most tender heart, for he was mountain-bred—
"And he lies dead!"
And as we spoke we heard again
The desolation of the rain
Around the sombre house, and on the window-pane.

We slept; I dreamt that as they bore him home
To Cynlas farm, whence first he went of old,
The solemn mountains bowed to see him come—
Their son, made in their mountain mould.
Then I awoke, and heard no more the rain;
And for our soldier slain
My heart no more beat to the desolate drum
Of the hopeless night upon the window-pane,
But felt instead a sudden comfort come
Upon the wind, as from the mountains sent,
Where they stand fast in their encouragement.
And last I heard the sound of many feet
Of those who marched, bearing the hero home,
Singing the while most sweet,
Most sweet and movingly,
A funeral hymn, full of his mountain faith,
That told of conquered death;
"*Porth Marwolaeth! Er mor dywyll, rhaid myn'd trwy.*"*

ERNEST RHYS.

* "Gate of death! Though so dark we must win through."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A CASE OF COLLABORATION.

FEW words are needed, I think, to introduce the following correspondence. But perhaps I should remind the reader that the final number of *Pickwick* was issued in November, 1837. The first French version—which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald justly calls "a rude adaptation rather than a translation"—appeared in 1838, and was entitled "*Le Club de Pickwickistes, roman comique, traduit librement de l'Anglais par Mdme. Eugenie Giboyet.*" With equal justice Mr. Fitzgerald complains ("The History of *Pickwick*," p. 276) that "the most fantastic tricks are played with the text, most of the dialogue being left out and the whole compressed into two small volumes."

But, in fact, Mme. Giboyet (as will appear) was more sinned against than sinning. Clearly she undertook to translate the immortal novel in collaboration with a M. Alexandre D., and was driven by the author's disapproval to suppress M. D.'s share of the work. The dates are sufficient evidence that this was done—as it no doubt had to be done—in haste. I regret that my researches have yielded no further information respecting this M. Alexandre D. The threat in the second letter may or may not have been carried out. I am inclined to hope that it was, feeling sure that the result, if ever discovered, will prove in the highest degree entertaining. With this I may leave the letters to speak for themselves

"45, Doughty Street,
"September 25th, 1837.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—It is true that when granting the required permission to translate *Pickwick* into French, I allowed also the license you claimed for yourself and your *collaborateur*—of adapting rather than translating, and of presenting my hero under such small disguise as might commend him better to a Gallic audience. But I am bound to say that—to judge only from the first half of your version, which is all that has reached me—you have construed this permission more freely than I desired. In fact, the parent can hardly recognise his own child.

"Against your share in the work, Madam, I have little to urge, though the damages you represent Mrs. Bardell as claiming—300,000 francs, or £12,000 of our money—strike me as excessive. It is rather (I take as my guide the difference in the handwriting) to your *collaborateur* that I address, through you, my remonstrances.

"I have no radical objection to his making Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman members of His Majesty King Louis XIII.'s corps of musketeers, if he is sincerely of opinion that French taste will applaud the departure. I even commend his slight idealisation of Snodgrass (which, by the way, is not the name of an English mountain), and the amorousness of Tupman gains something—I candidly admit—from the touch of religiosity which he gives to the character; though I do not, as he surmises, in the course of my story, promote Tupman to a bishopric. The development—preferable as on some points the Episcopal garb may be considered to the green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail worn by him at Madame Chasselon's *fête champêtre*—would jar upon our Anglican prejudices. As for Winkle, the translation nicely hits off his love of manly exercises, while resting his pretensions on a more solid basis of fact that appears in the original. In the incident of the baldric, however, the imposture underlying Mr. W.'s green shooting-coat is conveyed with sufficient neatness.

"M. D—— has been well advised again in breaking up the character of Sam Weller and making him, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at

once. Buckingham (Jingle) and Fenton (a capital rendering of the Fat Boy) both please me; and in expanding the episode of the sausage and the trouser-buttons M. D—— has shown delicacy and judgment by altering the latter into diamond studs.

"Alas! madam, I wish the same could be said for his treatment of my female puppets, which not only shocks but bewilders me. In her earlier appearances Mrs. Bardell (Milady) is a fairly consistent character; and why M. D—— should hazard that consistency by identifying her with the middle-aged lady at the Great White Horse, Ipswich, passes my comprehension. I say, madam, that it bewilders me; but for M. D——'s subsequent development of the occurrences at that hostelry I entertain feelings of which mere astonishment is perhaps the mildest. I can hardly bring myself to discuss this with a lady; but you will allow me to protest in the very strongest terms that Mr. Pickwick made that unfortunate mistake about the sleeping apartment in the completest innocence, that in ejaculating 'Ha—hum' he merely uttered a note of warning, and that 'Ha—hum' is *not* (as M. D—— suspects) an English word from which certain syllables have been discreetly removed; that in thrusting his head through the bed-curtains he was, as I am careful to say, 'not actuated by any definite object'; and that, as a gentleman should, he withdrew at the earliest possible moment. His intercepted duel with Mr. Peter Magnus (De Wardes) rests, as I fondly imagined I had made clear, upon a complete misunderstanding. The whole business of the *fleur-de-lys* on Mrs. Bardell's shoulder is a sheer interpolation, and should be expunged, not only on grounds of morality, but because when you reach the actual trial, 'Bardell *v.* Pickwick,' you will find this discovery of the defendant's impossible either to ignore or to reconcile with the jury's verdict. Against the intervention of Richelieu (Mr. Nupkins) I have nothing to urge. M. D—— opines that I shall in the end deal out poetical justice to Mrs. Bardell as Milady. He is right. I have, indeed, gone so far as to imprison her; but I own that her execution (as suggested by him) at the hands of the Queer Client, with Pickwick and his friends (or, alternatively, Mrs. Cluppins, Mr. Perker, and Bob Sawyer) as silent spectators, seems to me almost as inconsistent with the spirit of the tale as his other proposal to kidnap Mr. Justice Starsleigh in the boot of Mr. Weller's coach, and substitute for his lordship the Chancery Prisoner in an Iron Mask. I trust, madam, that these few suggestions will, without setting any appreciable constraint on your fancy, enable you to catch something more of the spirit of my poor narrative than I have been able to detect in some of the chapters submitted; and I am, with every assurance of esteem—Your obliged servant, "Boz.

"P.S.—The difference between Anjou Wine and the Milk Punch about which you inquire does not seem to me to necessitate any serious alteration of the chapter in question. M. D——'s expressed intention of making Master Bardell in later life the executioner of King Charles I. of England must stand over for some future occasion. The present work will hardly yield him the required opportunity for dragging in King Charles's head."

(2)

"Madame,—Puisque M. Boz se défie des propositions lui faites sans but quelconque que de concilier les gens d'esprit, j'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer nettement que je me retire d'une besogne aussi rude que malentendue. Il dit que j'ai conçu son *Pickwick* tout autrement que lui. Soit! Je l'écrivai, ce *Pickwick*, selon mon propre goût. Que M. Boz redoute mes *Trois Pickwickistes!*—Agréez, Madame, etc., etc.,

"Alexandre (*Philippi Filius*)."

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

JOWETT AND HUTTON.

Sermons: Biographical and Miscellaneous. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, M.A., Dean of Ripon. London: John Murray.

Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought. By the late Richard Holt Hutton. Selected from *The Spectator* and edited by his niece, Elizabeth M. Roscoe. London: Macmillan & Co.

THESE are two interesting books; both are, in a sense, volumes of sermons, though, in the one case, the sermons were preached from a pulpit, chiefly that of Balliol Chapel; and, in the other case, they were printed in the columns of *The Spectator*. The editor may be described as the preacher turned prophet. His written word has all the energy and, nowadays, more than the authority of the spoken, for does he not always use the *pluralis majestaticus?* A late distinguished scholar once compared the fragments of prophetic literature which were later collected into a specific book to "broadsides." And as the great modern maker of the broadside is the editor, he may be said to fulfil a distinctly prophetic office in the old prophetic form. And of all modern editors he whose papers now lie before us most distinctly, if not consciously, exercised the prophetic function. He loved to tell the people he reviewed what they ought to have said or what they intended to say, and what they would have said if only they had been sufficiently masters of their own minds. The public he wrote for loved to listen to his authoritative voice, and they forgave his foible of omniscience, or took it as seriously as he himself did; for they felt the intense moral sincerity that underlay all his words and governed all his thinking. We have, then, here a volume of sermons by one of the greatest and most effective preachers of the age. We all miss him; miss his accent of conviction, the note that most distinguished his weekly utterances; miss the independence that came of this conviction, and especially the serious judgments he used to pass upon all persons who attempted to concern themselves with matters of faith. He was perhaps a little too conscious of his own moral integrity, a little too suspicious that without his contendings men would lose theirs or forget that they lived under a rigorous moral law. But it was an infinite gain in an age like ours to have a preacher so tense, so convinced, so capable of writing with measured weight, and the authority which proceeded from the wholeness of his own moral nature and the sufficiency of the convictions he had strenuously and rationally won. Our Sundays are all the poorer that the vigorous and searching voice we were accustomed to hear so respectfully is still for ever. It was a dutiful and most filial act—which has been well and sympathetically done—to bind these prophetic broadsides into a single volume, though the volume will but poorly represent to a younger generation the educative and editorial influence of Richard Holt Hutton.

The late Master of Balliol was as essentially a man of letters as Hutton was a man of prophetic speech. The one had, indeed, quite as much moral integrity as the other, but he was without the editorial consciousness. He knew too much and was too certain of the limitations and uncertainties of human knowledge to feel able to speak with the rigour and the vigour of the pressman. Their histories were very different, and this difference affected the attitude of their minds, both as to the form and the matter of thought. Jowett looked at

all questions of faith in the spirit and with the mind of a man of letters; Hutton looked at all literary questions with the mind and the conscience of a man of faith. Jowett knew how little a formulated creed could bind the thought or control the reason of the man who had subscribed it. Hutton, who had been nursed in an atmosphere which dissolved and disintegrated many accepted beliefs, and who reasoned himself into the belief that freedom in matters of faith easily became indifference or even hostility to all positive religion, had a pronounced feeling in favour of formulated creeds. Jowett, who had practical experience in the matter, knew how the profession of faith in historical formulæ which had ceased to have any personal worth or reality in youth often sapped the mental and moral integrity of manhood. Hutton, who had no personal experience of subscription, imagined that the creed was an excellent thing for contemplation, and formulæ potent forces for the conservation and development of faith. But as the two men differed in their attitude to formulated belief, they also differed in the circles they addressed. It would have been an excellent thing for Hutton if he had lived, as Jowett did, more in contact with young minds; men feeling after truths they were not always able to find, impatient of archaic formulæ, and easily touched by ideals that looked towards the amelioration of humanity and the ennoblement of life. And Jowett would have been all the better if he had lived nearer the strenuous, if rather limited, men Hutton addressed; and had felt the gravity of the life they lived, the decisions they had to take, and the peril of the seas they had to navigate.

It is characteristic that the editor is the more rigid critic, that he more anxiously bears the burden both of interpreting the thinker and of defining, qualifying, or vindicating his thought. He never forgot his judicial functions, but was ever grave from feeling the responsibility of being the medium of judgment, telling the man what he ought to think and his public what they ought to think concerning him. But the Master was the freer and more genial preacher; he loved the man he criticised, and considered that to him alone belonged the function of reconciling himself with himself. He was content to supply his audience with material for the formation of judgment, and he declined to undertake himself the judicial process or to supersede the action of his hearer's mind. Possibly we cannot better state this difference between the two than by saying that Jowett was a great educator, more anxious to form mind than to formulate opinion; but Hutton was a great editor and preacher, anxious to formulate opinion that he might shape conduct and determine policy.

The volume of sermons by the late Master of Balliol, which we owe to the editorial and filial care of the Dean of Ripon, are characteristic of their author, alike in the subjects selected and in the mode of treatment, especially as regards the persons he associates and the lights he views them under. Only Jowett's bland audacity could have preached in Westminster Abbey on Richard Baxter, or in the Auld Kirk of Grey Friars in Edinburgh on Bunyan and Spinoza; or have bracketed in the same sermon men so dissimilar in reputation and associations as Ignatius Loyola and Lord Beaconsfield, or Léon Gambetta and Archbishop Tait. Yet by virtue of their very peculiarities, these biographical sermons come to us like a voice from the grave. As we read we hear again the old Master, and his voice fills up for us much that is lacking in the printed page. It was by a true instinct that, in an age of unsettlement which he felt even more than his audience, he appealed for instruction to the great figures of religious history, who stood, whatever else might fall. If other forces disintegrated, their influence was conservative, and the contemplation of them, especially with him as teacher, made at once for edification and sweet reasonableness. Bunyan is a man inspired by grace, Spinoza is a man possessed of God; in their surrender to the Deity they are nearer each other than they themselves would have conceded, or than one who never gets beyond the circumference of their thought could have conceived. He remembers that Baxter regretted that the historical writings of the ancient schismatics and heretics (as they were called) had perished, and he recalls the notable, though seldom remembered part which Baxter and his fellow Nonconformists had played when they declined to accept the indulgence of James, afraid lest they might by the surrender to a Papal king injure the Protestant Church in England. Though no man was constitutionally more opposed to the founder of the Jesuits than Jowett, he yet could speak of Loyola in a way that need not offend the most sensitive member of his Order. And he speaks a word that ought not to be forgotten in the controversies of our own day:—

> They (the Jesuits) seem to have contributed no lasting element to the religion of men, and to have killed every seed of genius and originality which came in contact with them. The despised Protestant can point with pride to Milton and Bunyan; the Church of England can boast of a Richard Hooker and a Jeremy Taylor. But no name of the first or even of the second rank in poetry, philosophy, or, indeed, theology, is to be found in the ranks of the Jesuits.

This is perhaps not strictly accurate, at least so far as theology is concerned, if by theology be meant a polemical and dogmatic presentation of material given in history; but with this reservation the saying is entirely just. It is no less characteristic of the Master that he speaks thus concerning Wycliffe:—

> There is a *Summa Theologiæ* contained in the following two or three lines. "The kernel of Christianity is (1) the love of God, and (2) the love of our neighbour. The love of God has degrees, a high degree of love for His own sake, and a lower degree of love for the sake of reward. And the true love of our neighbour springs from the love of God, and must be distinguished from mere fondness, having even an element of sorrow, for, whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

But we must not indulge ourselves further in the luxury of quotation. We are glad to have these selected memorials of two such opposite yet supplementary men. Each contributed powerfully to shape both the thought and the character of their time; and it is well that we who knew them should be able to refresh ourselves by hearing anew their unforgotten words, while those who come after us may here learn to know the more familiar and everyday features of the men who did so much to form their fathers.

Both books are edited with care, but we would suggest to the Dean that "Neith" (page 2) should be "Nith," and that in the first of the above quotations "Protestant" should be "Puritan." In the concluding paper in Mr. Hutton's volume "Mrs." ought to be "Miss" Weld.

ABOUT THE NEAR EAST.

Twenty Years in the Near East. By A. Hulme Beaman. London: Methuen & Co.

Mr. Hulme Beaman has not waited until old age began to creep upon him before writing his reminiscences. There is no reason why, twenty years hence, he should not give us a second volume of his experiences, but in the meantime this first instalment will be read with a good deal of interest. He has had an adventurous and a very varied life, and has rubbed shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men in Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan States, in Asia Minor and in Egypt, now as a student interpreter and Consular assistant, now as an "English lawyer" in Cairo after the Arabi Pasha rebellion, now as a newspaper proprietor and editor, and finally as the correspondent of *The Standard* in various capitals in Eastern Europe. He has certainly no lack of material with which to fill a volume, and, as he writes in a breezy and entertaining style, tells

a story against himself with imperturbable good humour, and has positive opinions about men and things in the Near East, there is scarcely a page which the judicious reader will be inclined to skip. Mr. Beaman's opinions on the politics of the Near East no one is obliged to accept, but they are always frankly and temperately stated, and that in itself is enough to entitle them to respect.

It was in the days of the Russo-Turkish War that Mr. Beaman went out to Constantinople as one of the first batch of student-interpreters. There were six of these favoured youngsters, and, though Mr. Beaman confesses that they were not the most regular of students, he is inclined to think that the system in vogue in his day is superior to the present system. Twenty years ago a student-interpreter went out straight to the East, lived among Orientals, and picked up all sorts of quaint and useful knowledge, while to-day a couple of years are spent at Oxford before the student is sent out—years which Mr. Beaman evidently regards as wasted so far as the practical work of the service is concerned. He gives an amusing account of his early days as a Consular assistant at Beyrout and Damascus, where he was the near neighbour of Lady Digby, and perfected his knowledge of Arabic under tutors far more attractive than any to be found on the banks of Isis. From Damascus he was sent to Cairo, and at the agency there had opportunities of studying, from the inside, the national movement which culminated in Arabi Pasha's rebellion and the British occupation of Egypt. He is debarred, owing to the conditions under which he obtained the information, from telling all that he knows of that exciting time, but hints that, an he would, he could a tale unfold very different from that published in the Blue-books. Mr. Beaman does go so far as to make it clear that, in his opinion, armed intervention was never necessary, and that it was deliberately provoked by Sir Auckland Colvin, "the masterful representative of England in the dual control." After the bombardment Mr. Beaman was appointed Captain of the Loot, and fulfilled a variety of functions, being attached to the staff of Lord Charles Beresford. He gives vivid pictures of the state of Alexandria after the bombardment, and of the vigorous measures taken to restore "law and order." Subsequently Mr. Beaman was on duty as a sort of jack of all trades with the British army, and on returning to the agency was attached to Sir Charles Wilson, who was watching the State trials of the rebel Pashas on behalf of the Government. Mr. Beaman makes no pretence at concealing the direction his sympathies took. He is an Arabi man of the most convinced type, and the part he had to play in the trial of the nationalist leaders "so annoyed and vexed him" that he determined to resign. This he did, carrying with him into private life a handsomely worded testimonial from Lord Dufferin, who had by that time arrived in Egypt as High Commissioner.

Freed from his official duties, Mr. Beaman found no lack of employment. He started Arabic classes for British officers, set up as an "English lawyer," and soon became the recognised champion of the principal rebels, did some correspondence for *The Standard*, and lived a very full and busy life. The extract which he gives from his fee-book will make the mouths of practitioners in the Temple to water, and the stories of his encounters with the powers that be make very good reading. There seem to have been no limits to his energy or self-confidence, for not only did he start, and run successfully, an English newspaper in Cairo, but he invented a "system" by which a baccarat player is sure of winning, and with great good nature explains it at length for the benefit of all and sundry. Why Mr. Beaman quitted the delights and emoluments of Egypt is not very clear, but after spending several years in Cairo he transferred himself to the Balkan Peninsula, and resided in or visited all the principal States in that ancient cock-pit of Europe. The years he spent in the peninsula were full of excitement, and as Mr. Beaman came into more or less close contact with the principal personages in Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, he is able to gossip pleasantly about Stamboloff and Prince Alexander, King Milan and the Servians, Russian spies, Turkish pashas, and Bulgarian peasant statesmen. From Bulgaria he went to St. Petersburg, and from St. Petersburg was ordered to Cairo to act as special correspondent for *The Standard* in the Dongola campaign. No sooner was the Dongola campaign over than Mr. Beaman was ordered to Crete, where he came in for some very exciting times, and thence made his way back to Constantinople, where old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed. It will be seen from this brief sketch of the ground covered in Mr. Beaman's book that there is no lack of variety in the entertainment provided. The book leaves on us the impression of a vigorous and capable personality, not overburdened with native modesty, with an eye both for the lighter and brighter aspects of the kaleidoscopic East, and for the political problems which are a perpetual pre-occupation for the statesmen of Europe.

JAPANESE LITERATURE.

A History of Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston, C.M.G. London: William Heinemann.

Mr. Aston possesses some signal advantages over his collaborators in Mr. Heinemann's admirable series of literary histories. He enjoys an enviable exemption from a good half of the impertinences of criticism. The critic may, if he chooses to be very unjust, impugn his style or his method, or depreciate the interest of his subject, but he cannot undertake to correct him. Again, paradoxical as it may appear, the tenuity of his theme is a decided literary advantage to him. The genie of English, French, or Greek literature is too colossal a spirit to be crammed into the vase of a popular history; but the comparatively pigmy literature of Japan would have been actually incompetent to fill the space at Mr. Aston's disposal without abundant recourse to translation. Hence the author is able to give us something better than discussion and disquisition to which no practical test can be applied. He ornaments his narrative with attractive examples of style and matter, and tickles his public's palate with exotic delicacies.

Japan, a quaint and original country in every respect, rejoices in a literature remarkable for its successful combination of seeming incongruities. Mainly derivative, it is at the same time intensely national. It would hardly appear that the Japanese are originally or essentially a literary nation. For five hundred years before, and five hundred years after, the Christian era, they scarcely possessed even an oral literature, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, letters might have remained in the same torpid condition but for foreign influences. But in 405 A.D. a Corean was appointed to teach Chinese to a Japanese prince; about 621 Buddhism became firmly established in the country, and the Japanese began to write down the popular songs and the liturgies of the Shinto religion which had been orally transmitted—not, as would appear, from a very remote antiquity—and to compose books of their own in a dialect half borrowed from their Chinese exemplars. Yet, although the substance of Japanese books is often imported from China, the national genius asserts itself in a peculiar aroma which overpowers the original flavour, as when tea is packed in sandalwood.

Japanese art is so much more familiar to Europe than Japanese literature that it may be advantageously employed to illustrate the latter's peculiarities. In its own qualities of grace, humour, fancy, accuracy without over-minute elaboration, it rivals and even transcends the average standards of Europe. But its triumphs are all in the minor departments; it is never great or impressive, and as a rule succeeds best in humorous satire, the delineation of natural

objects, or mere decoration. Just the same is it with Japanese literature, which has abundant charm and much right feeling and practical wisdom, but no grandeur or depth, and whose conceptions of art, sound and adequate in their limited sphere, are to the great art of the West what a string of wild ducks on a painted screen is to the frescoes of the Vatican. Yet both Japanese art and Japanese literature are in their own way admirable, and there are moods in which the former more effectually than European art "soothes the cares," if it fails to "lift the thoughts" of men.

Japanese literature is not, like Japanese art, entirely enjoyable. The sensationalism of its inferior departments is neither more nor less captivating than that of an English penny dreadful; while the quiet elegance of its better examples would be worthy of imitation were it not so frequently inimitable. It soon became apparent that the Chinese seed would engender quite another plant in the new soil. The poets of Japan, as Mr. Aston remarks, have not made that use of the literature of China which the poets of modern Europe have made of that of Greece and Rome. They have neither naturalised Chinese history nor Chinese diction, but have contented themselves with the limits of verbal and metrical resources of their sweet but monotonous native tongue. As a consequence, their verses are the merest swallow flights of song. The favourite metrical form, the *Tanka*, allows of no more than thirty-one syllables to an entire poem. Every possibility of greatness—unless in the drama—is thus denied to the Japanese poet; but, in fact, he would in any case be excluded from greatness by his slowness of imagination and incapacity for personification and simile. For the grace, delicacy, and ingenuity which he does possess these little poems offer a sufficient field. Mr. Aston aptly compares them to "those tiny carvings known to us as Netsuke, in which exquisite skill of workmanship is displayed in fashioning figures an inch or two in height." On the same principle the inability to pourtray human action and passion is partly compensated by a peculiar virtuosity in the delineation of external nature:—

> The varying aspects of the seasons, the sound of purling streams, the sun on Mount Fuji, waves breaking on the beach, seaweed drifting to the shore, the song of birds, the hum of insects, even the croaking of frogs, the leaping of trout in a mountain stream, the young shoots of the fern in spring, the belling of deer in autumn, the red tints of the maple, moon, flowers, rain, wind, mist—these are among the favourite subjects which the Japanese poet delights to dwell upon.

For "the felicity of phrase and melody of versification" which distinguish these little poems in the original we must take Mr. Aston's word, but his renderings distinctly evince not merely fidelity in the description of Nature but a Wordsworthian gift of inter-penetrating her phenomena with human feeling. We must, however, pass on to Japanese prose with the remark that the national type of poetry seems to have become established by the ninth century of our era, and that no especial development has occurred since. The rude unsatisfactory drama excepted, the whole poetical literature of the country seems one vast anthology of graceful fugitive poetry. Prose literature is much more complicated, as must be expected when a large infusion of Chinese is permitted, and books are written in support of, or in opposition to, ideas with which the poets never concern themselves. Indeed, after the happy and careless centuries lying on each side of A.D. 1000, Japanese prose literature may be roughly divided into Buddhistic, a Confucian, and a Europeanised epoch. As usual, it had been preceded by verse; but from the beginning, about 800, of the Heian period, so called from the name of the capital where literature was chiefly cultivated, prose came in. This was the golden age of Japan, in so far as it was a period of peace, culture, and refinement, but by no means of high ideals or strenuous exertion, the acme of court life of the sort adumbrated in Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty." Its literature, entirely produced by the upper classes, "consists of poetry, fiction, diaries, and essays of a desultory kind, called by the Japanese *Zesihitsu*, or 'following the pen.'" Remarkably enough, the principal writers were ladies, more independent in position and more highly regarded than their sex have ever been in Japan since, but by no means of the strong-minded variety. On the contrary, their works "abound in descriptions of home and court life, and of amours and sentimental or romantic incidents." Their principal productions are the *Genji Minogatari*, a novel of portentous length, but considered as the *ne plus ultra* of Japanese prose style, and the *Makura Zōshi*, a miscellany of anecdotes and reflections without plan or order. Mr. Aston's translations sufficiently establish the high literary merit of both, which almost seem foreshadowings of the French literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They date from about the beginning of the eleventh century, when there was hardly any vernacular literature in Europe. Other works of very considerable merit are the *Taketin Minogatari* and other fairy romances; and the *Tosa Nikki*, the entertaining narrative of the not very eventful coasting voyage of a Japanese official.

The age of gold was followed by an age of iron, not in the sense of a period of barbarism but of one of militarism almost equally unfavourable to the development of literature. The Kamakuro period (1186–1332) also witnessed a great development of Buddhism, especially of its monastic system, which contributed to keep literature alive, but steeped it in melancholy. The finest work of the period, the *Hūjūki*, is the production of a disappointed man of letters who had turned hermit, and who records his reminiscences of important events, and sets down his reflections in his solitude, in a really charming style. As the Europe of the day was mainly divided between priests and soldiers, so the other works of the epoch are mainly military histories. Fiction, except in the guise of patriotic exaggeration, was now out of fashion, and the restricted scope of Japanese poetical composition forbade the appearance of any counterpart of the great men who were then erecting a new intellectual world in Europe. As in Europe, the creative impulse almost died out, and no resuscitation of an ancient, or discovery of a foreign, literature occurred to stimulate it until about the end of the sixteenth century, when, original composition having almost become extinct and learning having reached its lowest ebb, Chinese philosophy was suddenly rediscovered by Fujinara Seikara, and Confucianism dethroned Buddhism. The results, as regarded both literature and the national character, were highly important. The empty places of the defunct romancers, historians, and poets were filled by moralists, and learning was restored to honour. "It is difficult," says Mr. Aston, "to give an idea of the rage for the acquisition of knowledge which possessed the Japanese people during the seventeenth century." Such, allowing for the counteracting influences of bigotry, was the case in Europe also, and, considering the impossibility of either influencing the other, the parallelism between the two at various epochs is extraordinary. In the thirteenth century, Nikiren, a Japanese contemporary of Thomas Aquinas, had exhibited all but a facsimile of the career of the great Dominican; and now, towards the end of the seventeenth century, strong prosaic common-sense and lofty but unimaginative ethics controlled Japanese thought as effectually in the persons of Yehken, Hakuseki, and Kiusō as they contemporaneously dominated English thought in the person of Locke. All these were men of great character, all despised the popular Buddhism, and followed the doctrine of Chu-hi, a Chinese commentator on Confucius in the twelfth century. To render the similarity still more complete, fairy tales as literature for children sprang up in Japan just as in France; and while Perrault

and Mdme. D'Aulnoy were inditing "Puss in Boots" and "Babiola," Japan was producing her "Rat's Wedding," "Little Peachling," and other tales of the type so agreeably rendered by Mr. Mitford. At the same time also appeared Chikamatsu, the Japanese Lope de Vega, whose plays, written for a marionette theatre, seem to resemble the rude beginnings of the Spanish drama a century before Lope.

The supremacy of Chinese modes of thought could not continue indefinitely without provoking reaction, and Japan was again to evince her subjection to the laws of development which have moulded the literature of Europe. Towards the end of the seventeenth century arose the school of *Wagakusha* (students of antiquity), who sought out and reprinted the remains of the ancient literature exactly as Bishop Percy edited the Percy Relics, and with similar results. The career of Motoöri Norinja (1730–1801) is in many respects a duplicate of that of Grimm and other illustrious European scholars who have rekindled national feeling by philology. Motoöri and his successor Hirata, indeed, went a step farther, and unsuccessfully laboured to renovate the ancient Shinto religion, as though Grimm should have striven to revive the worship of Odin. The fruits of their labours, nevertheless, are visible in the patriotic feeling and the aversion to everything Chinese which characterises Japan at the present day. Its encounter with the West has, of course, introduced entirely new elements, and flooded the country with European and American books, which must ultimately exert much influence. At present literature is in a state of ferment and transition, out of which nothing very important seems to have come as yet. We see no reason, however, to conclude that Japanese literature will ever attain to the sublime, the pathetic, or the profound, or that it will part with its general elegance and sanity. In Mr. Aston it has found an ideal historian who, by judicious selection and bright sympathetic commentary, has produced one of the most entertaining and instructive of literary handbooks.

TOOTHSOME PEMMICAN.

BIRDS. By A. H. Evans, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge. (Cambridge Natural History, vol. ix.) London: Macmillan & Co.

PEMMICAN, literal or figurative, is admittedly nourishing and sustaining food, for body or mind, as the case may be. It rarely happens that the compounder can so flavour and spice it as to make it appetising. This difficult task Mr. Evans has accomplished, and if he falls short of absolute success, the reason lies in the magnitude of the undertaking. The Bird Catalogue of the British Museum runs to twenty-seven octavo volumes, containing an account of every bird known to science at the time of publication. These constitute 11,617 species, which are arranged in 2,255 genera. To show the progress in ornithological knowledge within the present century, it may be noted that Latham's "General History of Birds," published in 1824, dealt with only about 4,000 species, arranged in 112 genera. One may well consider Mr. Evans's work as a handy notebook to the gigantic Bird Catalogue issued by the authorities in charge of the national collection. He has compressed the gist of these twenty-seven volumes into 588 pages, brightening dry scientific detail with interesting stories of habits, and lightening the labour of those who will use his—that is to say, all "bird" men—by an admirable index, which runs to nearly forty pages.

There is an interesting introductory chapter, which will be of great use to those taking up the serious study of birds. It deals with feathers, colour, moult, elementary anatomy, classification, geographical distribution, migration, and the technical names of the different parts of the body of a bird. The outline figure of a falcon illustrating this last mentioned section of the chapter is exceedingly good, indeed the best with which we are acquainted. The whole chapter, brief though it be, deserves close attention. The following passage, embodying the views of systematists on classification, is worth learning by heart:—

> Genera are only more distinct from species, and species from races, because the intervening links have disappeared; and if we could have before us the complete series which, according to the doctrine of evolution, has at some time existed, neither genus nor species would be capable of definition any more than are races in many cases; while the same remarks will apply to the larger groups.

That is to say, gaps in the series make classification possible. Were it not for these gaps the acutest mind would fail to detect differences worth description between closely contiguous forms—the task would be as hopeless as the resolution of a straight line into its constituent points. The whole passage, of which we have quoted only part, is so neatly put that it may serve as an epitome of the evolutionary position.

The classification adopted is that of Dr. Gadow, as is natural in a Cambridge series. It divides the zoological class of Birds into two subclasses: one for the fossil archæopteryx, "without doubt a connecting link between reptiles and birds," which zoologists are practically unanimous in regarding as an "avine form, with reptilian affinities, and probably arboreal habits"; the other contains all living birds and Marsh's extinct toothed birds. In dealing with existing forms the plan adopted is that of an ascending series, consequently the ratite birds (ostriches, rheas, cassowaries, emeus, and kiwis) are first treated, with the fossil moas (Dinornithidæ) of New Zealand and the rocs (Æpyornithidæ) of Madagascar. Here the strange extinct birds of South America—the Stereornithes of Dr. Moreno—find a place. The carinate birds, under which term are included all other living forms, constitute two brigades, divided into legions, and again into orders, suborders, families, and, in many cases, subfamilies. Although the scheme is a little unusual the student will have no great difficulty in equating it with better known schemes; while to the practised ornithologist it will be familiar, having already appeared pretty much in its present form in Bronn's "Thierreichs."

The general plan is exceedingly good—perhaps the best that could have been adopted in such limited space. The author has prefixed to each group a brief summary of structure and habits, further particulars of the same nature being given subsequently, with a statement of the main fossil forms as yet recorded. So that the work serves a double purpose—that of a notebook, or *précis*, for the man who has a fair working acquaintance with the subject, and an admirable introduction for the tiro in ornithology. The anatomical characteristics of the various groups are given in brief, with as little technical language as possible; the plumage is described in similar fashion, the names used for tints being those in the British Museum Catalogue of Birds, or, for British species, those in Mr. Howard Saunders' Manual. Considering the small space at the author's disposal it is surprising how much he contrives to tell about the habits of some of the birds. To take, for example, the little known hammer-head, he describes the characters of its haunts, the nature of its food, the habits of the birds while feeding, the form and structure of the nest, and the number and colour of the eggs. Did space permit, many other such instances might be referred to; and it must be mentioned, to the author's credit, that in many cases he has supplied information of this kind, to obtain which he must have consulted original papers, or books not within the reach of the ordinary reader. Hence, it is safe to conclude that all working ornithologists will place this volume on their shelves within easy reach, and not far from Newton's "Dictionary of Birds"; and we have great pleasure in recommending it to all who take an intelligent interest in birds and bird-life as an

admirable introduction and guide to the study of the subject. It must be a source of satisfaction to the members of the British Ornithologists' Union that one of their fellows has produced such an admirable book. In it the help of many members of the Union is gracefully acknowledged; but we confess we should have been better pleased if the footnote on page 360 had stated that it was a member of the B.O.U.—Mr. Tegetmeier—who brought to the notice of Professor Church the fact that the colouring matter of the plumage of the Turaco was soluble in water.

The illustrations by Mr. G. E. Lodge are admirable. All reach a very high level of excellence, and for a few no praise can be too high. Among these are the Great Northern Diver and the Great Auk, where the grip of the feet on wave-washed rock, just as the birds are about to plunge, is well shown. For rendering of plumage, the green-mantled Turaco, the Great Grey Shrike, and the Cape Coly may be mentioned, and the quaint position of the last-named bird has evidently been studied from life. But, in our opinion, the best example of Mr. Lodge's work is his drawing of the Bearded Tit or Reed Pheasant. In form it is quite equal to the plate in the late Lord Lilford's "Coloured Figures," and if it suffers by comparison, it is only from the fact that it is in black and white.

AN ADMIRAL'S LOGBOOK.

A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns. By Admiral of the Fleet the Honourable Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

This is a quaint piece of bookmaking. It is very long, consisting in all of some thousand pages, and, again, condensed, for many extraordinary adventures, terrible or pathetic, or ludicrous, are hit off in a few lines. Style, properly so called, there is none, but the narrator preserves an artless art; there is a dry, matter-of-fact brevity, a sort of straightforward, slapdash mode of expression that has its own piquancy for the jaded reader. Unfortunately, the book is literally a log; the events of every day are recorded with unhappy fidelity, much was only worth forgetting by the author himself, and much more cannot by any possibility amuse or instruct the reader. Will any read the three volumes through? Not even the critic! Better treat the work as a sort of lucky-tub—dive into it at random on the off-chance of harpooning something valuable. If you do? Very well; enjoy it. If you don't? Very well; try again.

The future admiral was born at Earl's Court, Kensington, June 14th, 1809. His adventures began three weeks later, when supposed dead, he "was deposited in my father's foot-pan to be interred in a garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground." Fortunately the old nurse discovered life in the infant, and all was for the best in what seems to have been a singularly happy-go-lucky household. He has the usual recollections of children of the time. Like other early-century babies, "Boney" was the terror of his youth; but, after all, this same Corsican was a terror to all sorts and conditions of men, "a name at which the world grew pale." Proportionate was the joy of the six-years old child at the victory of Waterloo, which he believed was gained by his brother George, an ensign in the 14th Foot. Five years later Henry and his brother Tom were closeted with their father, the two boys "opted" for the Navy. *À propos de rien*, they fought each other under the paternal eye, and were forthwith destined for the sea. The Royal Naval College followed, the examinations were passed somehow or other, and in 1824 young Keppel entered H.M.S. *Tweed* as a midshipman and his long sea-service began. In the years that followed he was engaged in every variety of sea-service in all parts of the globe. He was of good family, and his rise through all the grades to that of admiral, though well deserved, was reasonably rapid.

The early pages of his book are most valuable, because we get glimpses of the way things were done in the Navy some sixty or seventy years ago. Thus, on January 19th, 1826, he attended his captain at a court-martial on board the *Victory*, in Portsmouth Harbour. There was no little ceremony; the Provost Marshal, with drawn sword and cocked hat, had charge of the prisoner, who sat at the end of the table with his sword placed before him, the handle being turned *towards him*. The court said guilty. When sentence was pronounced, the prisoner's sword lay on the table with the point *towards him*. This reminds one of the processions of traitors to and from Westminster Hall, when the edge of the axe was turned from them *before* but towards them *after* they were convicted. However, this procedure at courts-martial may be in force yet. But the charge was remarkable. "The prisoner was captain of the *Ariadne*. He was tried for having purchased a slave negress at Zanzibar and taking her to sea. She mysteriously disappeared off the coast of Africa." Impossible to imagine a captain in the Royal Navy of to-day guilty of such an offence, or, if possible, to suppose dismissal from the service considered sufficient punishment! In 1829 Keppel's ship touched at St. Helena. This was eight years after Napoleon's death, and his grave was the great object of interest. It lay close to a fountain in a retired valley between two willow trees. One remembers Alison's remark that history will regret this spot, that the solitary dell was fitter than the splendid vault of the Invalides for the resting-place of this colossal genius.

Keppel's adventures were not confined to the sea. In Trincomalee he fights a duel with one of his messmates for little or no reason. "My ball went through the thick part of his cap, and I was saved a life's misery." Returning from snipe shooting in the jungle, he is chased by an elephant and has a narrow escape for his life. Then John Company ruled over the East Indies, and the hospitality of the higher officials was unbounded. No doubt the natives suffered, but they suffered in silence. And it was the golden age of Indian sport. On one occasion Keppel was taken to a point of vantage whence he saw more than five hundred elephants, with young ones at foot, moving slowly through the jungle, feeding as they went.

In his world-wide wanderings Keppel was not given to observing in detail native customs, but he has some interesting notes on Australian modes of burial. The dead body is wrapped in the bark of a tree and tied round with cord. It is then placed on a platform some ten feet above the ground, and left, an object of superstitious terror, for years after.

The diarist went through the whole of the Crimean War, and his jottings give us vivid glimpses of the sufferings of both soldiers and sailors. On the other hand, what possible purpose either of use or entertainment is to be had from the following, here extracted verbatim, under the heading of June, 1858?

June 3rd. Dined Skinners' Company.
" 5th. Lady Palmerston's evening.
" 6th. Dined with Duchess of Richmond.
" 7th. Dined with Lady Downes.
" 11th. Dined with Merchant Taylors.
" 12th. Dined with Sir John Thorolds. Evening Duchess of Norfolk.

Enough, and more than enough; but there are dozens of pages with such entries. It remains to add (1) that the book is profusely and admirably illustrated; (2) in a brief and appropriate dedication to his sailor son the author hopes "that he will avoid all those shoals on which I so often grounded." If the son should write memoirs, let him, warned by the father's example, practise excision as the first literary virtue.

FICTION.

A Fair Fraud. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: John Long.

Harry Ingleby, Surgeon. By Frederic J. Webb. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A Cloud of Dawn. By Annie Victoria Dutton. London: Chapman & Hall.

All Mrs. Lovett Cameron's well-known attributes as a writer of fiction are to be found embodied in her latest novel, "A Fair Fraud." Here, as is her wont, she has once more compounded, with deft and skilful touch, a piquant dish out of somewhat stale materials, and has contrived to impart to it a certain zest and flavour which do credit to her art. "A Fair Fraud" is, in truth, a very pleasant and entertaining story, despite the fact that little real originality can be discerned either in plot or characterisation; and Mrs. Lovett Cameron possesses the invaluable gift of never allowing her readers to become bored, so that it is possible to read the book straight through with unabated interest. The scene, as usual, is laid in the Midlands, for this author loves to take her readers into that region of sport which she has described so often and with so much spirit, and at Crookthorpe Hall hunting plays a large part in the lives of its inmates, varied by the rival attractions of shooting, skating, and bicycling. It is, in short, precisely the *milieu* in which Mrs. Lovett Cameron delights to place her characters, and that which best suits the breezy style of her writing, redolent of the fresh air and guiltless of artifice as it is. The heir to Crookthorpe Hall is the hero of the story, Captain Kenneth Drury by name, a smart young Guardsman drawn on conventional lines, handsome in person, somewhat heavy in mind, and a hard rider to hounds, besides being given to the gentler pursuit of mild flirtations. With the opening of the story, however, Captain Drury's butterfly days are drawing to a close, for he has met his fate in the fair person of the *soi-disant* Miss Hester Lane—presently to become known to the reader as Hester Bradford, the daughter of a convicted felon. This young lady, accompanied by her youthful and fascinating mamma, comes on a visit to the enamoured Captain's home, and during that visit the plot undergoes many startling developments, such as can be furnished by intrigue, blackmail, threatened murder, and actual homicide. These exciting incidents are chiefly brought about by the unwelcome appearance in the neighbourhood of Crookthorpe Hall of William Bradford, the ex-convict, whose near relationship to the beautiful Miss Lane must, at any cost, be kept a secret from the Drury family while her engagement to Kenneth hangs in the balance. Naturally, that relationship is one which the unfortunate, if untruthful, ladies do not care to avow publicly, and, under the circumstances, the convict's reappearance is distinctly undesirable, for both Mrs. and Miss Lane feel that the very crisis of their fate is approaching. To the elder lady—more hardened in deceit and imposture by long years of an adventurous career—the prospective marriage of her daughter with Kenneth Drury is a mere matter of money; but the poor girl herself, who has now fallen genuinely in love with the Guardsman, views her false position with feelings of shame and self-contempt. Driven to despair by her unworthy father's threats to shoot her lover unless he be bought off, the unhappy girl stoops to ask Kenneth for the loan of the sum demanded by the felon as the price of his safety; and the young man draws from her request an inference terribly degrading to Hester's reputation. He gives her the money, and at the same time bids her farewell for ever in words of bitter contempt, while she perforce remains dumb, not daring to speak the truth about her father. At this juncture arrives the god in the machine, by whose intervention all the tangle is smoothed out in a manner which we will not here describe. There is plenty of incident in the story, which is told with great spirit and dash, carrying the reader on from page to page in very agreeable fashion. The characters are all quite alive, and the drawing of the "fair fraud" and her ever-youthful mother is done with humour and point. Altogether we can cordially commend "A Fair Fraud" to anyone in search of a mildly exciting and racily written novel.

"Harry Ingleby, Surgeon" appears to be the first attempt in fiction of one to whom the scenes and characters of medical life are perfectly familiar, but whose unpractised pen has scarcely attained a sufficient degree of facility in composition to enable him to do justice to the topic selected by him. The book seems to be a heterogeneous compilation snatched almost at random from the pages of an old diary. The incidents and episodes have so little cohesion, the plot of the story is so intricately interwoven, and the whole book so bewilderingly casual in its methods, that the reader feels he is peeping into a kaleidoscope rather than following out the thread of a matured and balanced story. Power of selection and the gift of condensing narrative are valuable gifts to the literary artist, and these qualities are conspicuously lacking in "Harry Ingleby, Surgeon," which reveals at every turn the inexperienced hand of the novice. These blemishes apart, however, there is much of interest to be found in the pages of this oddly-concocted novel of medical life. Redundant and garrulous as it is, the book has unmistakably the air of sincerity, and the writer's knowledge of its topic is as evident as his ignorance of the arts of style and composition. The picture is a faithful and convincing one. It shows us the hardships, the loneliness, the unremitting and, too often, unrewarded labours of the average medical man in town and country practice, as he wrestles with disease and death in all their dreadful variety of form. Concerning the many troubles that beset the path of the earnest physician whose heart is in his high calling, Mr. Webb waxes eloquent in many spirited passages, and it is impossible to deny sympathy to the sad cases—only too palpably drawn from real life—which figure in the pages of this tale: the baffled ambitions, buried talents, dead aspirations, which too often strew the path of the medical profession. "Harry Ingleby, Surgeon" contains the usual—almost more than the usual—amount of love-making that is deemed necessary to any self-respecting work of fiction, and at the end of the book most of the personages are left anchored in the harbour of matrimony, some happily, some the reverse; all their respective love affairs having been detailed at the fullest length, for Mr. Webb's volubility is amazing. Unfortunately, it is hard for the reader of so incoherent a narrative to feel much interest in all these couples, whose faintly indicated personalities leave but little impression of real individualities, and the story hangs fire in more than one particular as we scurry breathlessly from one pair of lovers to another. The real interest of the book lies in its vivid, if crudely-coloured, picture of the medical profession in its humbler phases—the student at work and at play, the struggling young practitioner just "setting up for himself," the hospital surgeon. All these are portrayed with real spirit and some humour, while the tone of the book is pure and healthy throughout, and tends to the preservation of the high ideal of medical practice which is the hallmark of the good physician.

It is seldom that a modern work of fiction introduces to its readers a heroine so ethereal in calibre as Una Maurice, the central figure in the story entitled "A Cloud of Dawn." A pathetic little figure is hers, indeed, wrought of a texture too fine and fragile for the encounter with coarser clay; and the story of Una Maurice's brave fight against heavy odds forms a somewhat striking contrast with the ordinary novel of the day. A strain of Quixotism runs in the blood of this very unmodern heroine, whose rare and delicate nature is compact of the high spiritual fervour and self-abnegating

devotion to ideals of which martyrs are made. It was Una's misfortune to find herself out of touch with her environment, at least after making the acquaintance of Hubert Brett, a Socialist reformer whose zeal continually outran his discretion, and led to the ultimate sacrifice of a girl too tender for the strife on the altar of hopeless ideals. Up to the period of her first meeting with Hubert Brett, Una's life had merely been the placid, unruffled existence of average girlhood, breathing out sweetness like a flower upon all who came near her, but untouched by any spiritual problems or social enigmas. But, at her first contact with the perfervid young reformer, his passionate zeal for the amelioration of social conditions among the labouring poor of the Midland town in which her own lot was cast struck a responsive chord in Una Maurice's sensitive soul. From that moment no looking back seemed even possible to that brave soul, and thenceforward she plunged into the thick of the fray with a courage worthy of a noble cause. Her brother, a wealthy and cultured coalmaster, raged in vain against the girl's obstinate decision to go down among "the masses" and share their life, while her *fiancé*, Lewis Featherstone, was equally powerless to move her from the one course that appealed to her supersensitive conscience as the right one. So Una's project took shape in the hiring and fitting up of a house near her brother's home, where she endeavoured, by force of example, to refine and educate a number of rough working-girls drawn from the neighbourhood into her little nucleus of disciples. For a time her beautiful nature had a marked effect upon the girls thus strangely befriended, and all seemed to point to a successful issue to her scheme of generous fellowship. Then, like a bolt from the blue, there fell upon her a terrible enlightenment as to the real character of her contemptible *fiancé*, Lewis Featherstone. He had betrayed a girl of the very class to whom her own life was devoted, and the shock of the dreadful discovery was practically Una's death-blow. Like a broken lily she drooped and died; for, after all, it was not the quixotic fanaticism of her self-appointed hardships, so cheerfully endured, but the shattering of her faith in her lover, that broke her gentle heart. The story is melancholy with the sadness of an actual experience, so tenderly and beautifully is it told, and Una Maurice's exquisite nature is drawn with great sympathy and insight. All the minor characters are graphically sketched with humour and penetration, and the story is notably dainty and delicate in tone.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

YEARS ago Alphonse Daudet took the world into his confidence concerning his own journalistic and literary career in the pages of that delightful book, "Trente Ans de Paris," and some years ago Mr. Sherard wrote a big sentimental book on a writer who from first to last wore his heart upon his sleeve. Many people will be glad to learn that M. Léon Daudet's tender, if at times slightly theatrical, appreciation of his distinguished father has just been translated. It is in no sense of the word a biography, for not even the landmarks in Alphonse Daudet's career are stated. We get instead an intimate sketch of the great writer's literary methods, personal characteristics, and household talk, and the whole is set in a golden framework of pardonable though perfervid eulogy. In Alphonse Daudet, as in Louis Stevenson, the personal note was always uppermost. There is a passage in Mr. Henry James's "Partial Portraits"—a volume which appeared at least ten years ago—which might stand as an aid to the interpretation of this monograph: "Daudet expresses many things, but he most frequently expresses himself—his own temper in the presence of life, his own feeling on a thousand occasions." But let us take a case in point: "The names of Balzac and Shakespeare are mingled in my mind; I hardly separate one from the other. It has often happened that, confronted with a new person or a new sensation, I have had recourse to them in order to label the said person or sensation with the name of one of their characters or with one of their formulas. . . . When asked in what talent consists, I have answered, 'Talent is intensity of life.' I am firmly persuaded that Balzac and Shakespeare had within themselves a number of violently excited lives, and that they distributed them through their works." Daudet laid great stress on what he called the "subterranean analogies" which he thought he detected between these two great masters of the imaginative treatment of life. Balzac he loved, because he made his characters live again "according to the swing of his own imagination," as Montaigne would have put it. When reminded that the author of the *Comédie Humaine* was a failure in the theatre, Daudet declared that Balzac's imagination was too powerful, too representative, for the footlights, the painted cheeks, the monologues, and all the rest of the "hypocritical cant" of the stage. He used always to bewail the failure of his pen to set down all that he perceived. He had the soul of the artist, which is never satisfied. In his early days his moods were his masters; he maintained that he could do nothing until the impulse towards expression was resistless. Later he got the habit of daily work, and, rising early summer and winter alike, bent at his task with quick nervous energy, though tormented to the last with the dream of perfection. Long ago Daudet himself described his own methods: "I write slowly, and revise and revise. I am never satisfied with my work. I never could dictate a novel. My books go through many processes. To begin with, I fill my note-books. Each note as it is used is scratched out in blue or red pencil. From these written notes and the tablet of my memory, I write out the first copy of my novel." He added that he wrote each manuscript three times over, without counting the rough notes with which he began; and Mdme. Daudet's quick eyes and fine taste were called more and more into requisition as the task approached completion. Tacitus lay on his table at the side of Montaigne. They, like Mdme. de Sévigné, were authors whom he turned into personal friends. He read widely, and, for a man of his temperament, with surprising method, and though always ready to confess his ignorance, his knowledge was both more wide and more accurate than was commonly supposed. He saw everything in literature, as in life, from the standpoint of the artist. Long-winded theories annoyed him. "Let us get forward to the picture," he would say with an impatient sweep of his hand. There is a good portrait, a long appendix, and no index.

It seems to us, with all respect to Lieutenant Hobson, that quite enough was made at the time of "The Sinking of the *Merrimac*," and that therefore there was small need for the appearance of a book of three hundred pages on what was, after all, only an incident, however memorable and plucky, in the course of a war which has already been done to death in a literary sense by the hastily compiled volumes of special correspondents. We object to the beating of big drums over such an episode; for, after all, Lieutenant Hobson only saw his chance and took it, and, for the rest, only did his duty, as brave men always do, whether by sea or land. He took his life in his hand when he attempted to cork the neck of the bottle by sinking the *Merrimac* in the narrow channel off Morro Castle, and so making the escape of Admiral Cervera's fleet impossible. As a chapter in the annals of the war, Lieutenant Hobson's narrative would be appropriate enough, but we do not see the sweet reasonableness of a book on the subject, written with technical detail. Here is the account of the actual business: "The deafening roar of artillery came from just opposite our position. They were the rapid fire-guns of different calibres, the unmistakable Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the quick succession and pause of the Nordenfelt multi-barrel and tireless

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* ALPHONSE DAUDET. By his son Léon Daudet. Translated from the French by Charles de Kay. Portrait. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC." A Personal Narrative by Richmond Pearson Hobson. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE AND HOW TO SUCCEED THERE. By Leopold Wagner. London: Chatto & Windus.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Rendered into English verse [by Edward FitzGerald]. (Golden Treasury Series.) London: Macmillan & Co.

HERRICK'S WOMEN, LOVE AND FLOWERS. ("The Bibelots": edited by J. Potter Briscoe.) London: Gay & Bird.

THE PARSON'S HANDBOOK. By the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. London: Grant Richards.

THE CHURCH'S MESSAGE TO MEN. A Series of Sermons preached in the Borough of Chatham. Edited by John Tetley Howe, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. The Eighteenth Century. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

A MANUAL OF OPTICS. By the late Rev. Samuel Houghton, M.D., F.R.S.; revised by the Rev. Isaac Warren, M.A. London: Cassell & Co.

CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Edited by D. Patrick, LL.D., and F. Hindes Groome. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

CHAMBERS'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by Thomas Davidson. Part I. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

automatic gun. A deadly fire came from ahead, apparently from ship-board. These larger projectiles would enter, explode, and rake us; those passing over the spardeck would apparently pass through the deck-house far enough away to cause them to explode just in front of us. . . . All firing was at point-blank range, at a target which could hardly be missed—the Socapa batteries with plunging fire, the ships' batteries with horizontal fire. The striking projectiles and flying fragments produced a grinding sound with a fine ring in it of steel on steel. The deck vibrated heavily, and we felt the full effect, lying, as we were, full length on our faces." The volume is full of pictures of places as well as of portraits, but we confess that though the affair was not much ado about nothing, the book smacks just a little too much of self-advertisement. Lieutenant Hobson is a brave man, and he has not missed his reward, and that ought to content him without this rhetorical flourish of trumpets.

Mr. Wagner has written a sensible book about "How to Get on the Stage and How to Succeed There." We can well believe his words that dramatic aspirants and talented amateurs desirous of becoming real actors and actresses are daily on the increase, and that they readily fall a prey to professional schemers who flatter their vanity. These pages are full of shrewd, practical hints, and the tone of the book is wholesome and manly. The stage is like everything else: people of capacity and character succeed upon it if they possess patience, industry, and tact; but it may be as well to let Mr. Wagner give good advice in his own way. "Given education, patience, industry, indomitable perseverance, business energy, and genuine enthusiasm, openings can be found on the modern stage for all whose histrionic talents are not simply mediocre. Mediocrity never rises above a certain dead level, where it does not utterly fail as a wage-earner; it is mediocrity which every year swells the professional ranks more and more, thus making the conditions doubly hard for the really talented. 'I have known the greatest duffers become actors,' is a common saying among players of the old school. They do, very often, by sheer force of study and determination; but they never make their mark, and in the long run find themselves relegated to back positions, notwithstanding all their experience. How many old actors do we find glad to earn a pittance as supernumeraries, or playing in booths on the commonwealth system? Study and intelligence will do much, but talent there must be to lead to success. Education and refinement, combined with all those commercial qualities that make for success in any other career, yet without the special gifts that are so essential to an actor, only lead the aspirant astray." There are some lively asides in the volume, a few good stories and plenty of common-sense.

The "Rubáiyát" according to FitzGerald has been issued in the "Golden Treasury Series." This cheap edition contains also the text of the first edition (1859) of FitzGerald's rendering, followed by a conspectus of variations between the four editions. In stanza 53 of the final version, "You when" is surely a misprint (for "when You") reprinted.

There has been published in the dainty "Bibelots" Series a tiny volume containing most of those verses of the "Hesperides" which relate to women, love, and flowers. An attempt has been made to arrange the included pieces according to subjects, and a table of "poem-headings" has been appended to the selection. A portrait of Herrick, with a facsimile of his signature beneath it, faces the artistic title-page.

A sheaf of small books, though not without points of interest, need not detain us long. "The Parson's Handbook" appeals, as its title suggests, to a class. It contains practical directions for the benefit of the clergy on the management of the parish church and its services according to the requirements of the Book of Common Prayer, and it explains many occult mysteries concerning the altar and its furnitures, vestments, ornaments with which sensible men who are not parsons need not concern themselves.—"The Church's Message to Men" consists of a group of six sermons preached at Chatham by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Hole, Canon Gore, Professor Shuttleworth, and others, to working men on what, for want of a better phrase, we may call applied Christianity.—The ninth series of "Cameos from English History" covers a period which begins with the growth of Methodism in this country at the beginning of last century to the Reign of Terror in France in 1794–5. It is written with the lucidity, the knowledge, and the artistic skill which mark Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's capable and well-balanced historical verdicts.—We have received a new edition of the late Professor Houghton's well-known "Manual of Optics," a short study of a great subject which has long enjoyed a wide vogue. The work has been expanded and entirely revised by the Rev. Isaac Warren, formerly mathematical scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.—Let us say a good word for the serial re-issue of "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary." Part I. has just reached us; it is clearly printed in double columns, and opens with an account of Ali Pasha, Turkish statesman and reformer, and ends with Lord Balmerino, of Jacobite renown, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746. The work will consist of one thousand pages, and is to be completed in eighteen parts. The same publishers send us Part I. of their English Dictionary, a splendidly printed and finely illustrated work of reference which requires no praise.

NOTICE.

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